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Japan's New Emperor

is graphically portrayed in this issue of The Outlook. Next week Adachi Kinnosuke, author of the article on Japan's new sovereign, contributes to The Outlook an article on the growth of Japan's new popular parties. The change in the political structure of Japan which he describes represents a greater revolution than many which have been brought about by guns and bloodshed.

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The Outlook

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The Empty Pork Barrel

OLD names, particularly if they are opprobrious, are hard to get rid of. The "pork barrel," for instance, passed out of existence some years ago, when the practice was adopted of authorizing expenditures for waterways only on projects approved by the Board of Engineers of the Army. Still "pork" has been shouted lustily at the present Rivers and Harbors Bill. The old meaning of "pork"—appropriations for improvements that really were not improvements, secured by trading among Senators and Representatives and by other irregular means—that meaning has been lost. "Pork" now means, to any individual or group, hardly more than the particular item in the bill to which that individual or group objects.

There is nothing in the present bill, as it passed either the House or the Senate, that deserves the name of "pork." There may be authorizations of unwise expenditures; that is for the future to tell. There may be pernicious projects; that is for the judgment of the country. But all authorizations are on plans carefully worked out by Army engineers on projects that by the best technical tests are worth the expenditures.

Only three items, in fact, have been controverted. These are the purchase of the Cape Cod Canal, the improvement of the Missouri River above Kansas City, and the improvement of the Illinois River in connection with an artificial waterway connecting it with Lake Michigan and with the Chicago Drainage Canal. This last, by far the smallest of the three so far as proposed expenditure is concerned, is probably the only one that contains any element of danger, and that comes from the fact that it is inseparably associated with the abstraction of water from the Lakes.

The engineers refrained in their report from any commitment as to how much water may safely be withdrawn from the Lakes or as to whether or not any water may be safely withdrawn, but simply reported three feasible plans for improving navigation on the Illinois, any one of which may be carried out regardless of the quantity of water withdrawn. The fact appears to be, however, that the withdrawal of some quantity of water is taken for granted.

The city of Chicago has long drawn unduly large quantities of water from Lake Michigan for the purpose of sewage disposal. A decision as to how much water Chicago is entitled to withdraw for this purpose is shortly to be made by the Supreme Court of the United States. Since this case has been pending emphasis has been laid upon navigation rather than upon sewage disposal as the justification for withdrawal of lake water. It is true that navigation is to be maintained on the sewage, or that the sewage is to be carried in the navigable water, but the needs of navigation are put forward as the justification.

Even so, the appropriation of $1,350,000 for the improvement of the Illinois River is probably sufficiently safeguarded. The public must, however, be aware of the fact that the menace of withdrawing water from the Lakes is the same as it has always been, and that the question of how much may be safely withdrawn is still to be determined, just as if the question of the improvement of navigation had not been raised.

For Safe Coastal Navigation

THE Cape Cod Canal item, an authorization of $11,500,000, has probably brought more adverse comment than all other items of the bill. The value of the canal is not seriously disputed, but the fact that it is already constructed and in operation has given rise to the cry that it was "built to sell to the Government."

As a fact, the Cape Cod Canal is a link—a necessary link, and one of the most important—in a chain of inshore channels or intracoastal waterways that will extend, when the projects of this bill are carried out, from Boston to Corpus Christi, Texas. Expenditures for other links in the same chain are authorized in the bill. The one along the North Carolina coast, from Beaufort Inlet to the mouth of the Cape Fear River, will cost $5,000,000. That from the mouth of the Mississippi to Corpus Christi will cost $7,000,000. With these completed, vessels in coastwise trade may go practically the entire distance from New England to Texas without encountering the open sea. The promotion of this series of inshore channels is, so far as permanent benefit is concerned, the biggest thing in the bill, though it did not bulk the largest in expenditure in the bill as originally reported. That honor was claimed by the Missouri River item.

The bill, as it passed the House, carried an authorization of $50,000,000 for Missouri River improvement. The Senate slashed it to $12,000,000. And this latter is, admittedly, as much as can be expended within the purview of the present bill. All interests are well enough satisfied to save the bill from even going to conference for adjustment of differences, and to let it be finally disposed of in the House by a motion to concur in the Senate amendments.

Congress Still Evading a Constitutional Duty

THE reapportionment of Representatives in Congress, which should have been undertaken shortly after the 1920 Census, will probably not be accomplished at this session of Congress. It might be done if the President thought it worth while to call the attention of Congress strongly to the fact that it has left undone a duty imposed by the Constitution, but, with the mass of other essential legislation still to be acted upon, the President does not see his way clear to urge Congress in that direction. That, at least, is to be inferred from his conference with Representative McLeod, of Michigan, the most active advocate of immediate reapportionment. While, apparently, the President would be glad to see such a bill put through, he declines to take the initiative.

Consideration for the feelings of those States whose representation would be reduced appears to be responsible for the failure of Congress through four or more sessions to enact a reapportionment bill following the Census, as required by the Constitution. Most of the States that would have gained have not been insistent, and the few cities that have been insistent have not been particularly effective. Possibly there has been a desire not to call the farmer's attention more particularly to his troubles by increasing the representation of the cities at his expense. In the main, however, lack of action has been due to a desire to spare the sensibilities of the States that would lose. There has been, and still is, talk of increasing the number of Representatives, so that the losing States, while they would have relatively

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less representation, would have still the same number of Representatives.

There is a better solution than that—and one that should be found when a reapportionment bill is enacted, whether now or following the 1930 Census. The membership of the House is already too big. If the number of Representatives from all the States were reduced by cutting down the total number of Representatives, those States that lost by the Census figures probably would not feel the knife so keenly.

A Postal Lesson

WHEN the other day the House of Representatives passed a bill to restore the rate on postal cards to one cent, it recognized at last an economic truth which Congress has persistently ignored in its treatment of the people's Post Office. The rate on postal cards was raised to two cents to make money; it resulted in losing money. The Department hoped to gain $10,000,000 a year; it lost $6,000,000. The axiom involved is: It doesn't always pay to raise prices.

Why not apply this truth also to newspapers and periodicals, which now pay excessive war-time postage? One reason for reduction is seen in a statement made by the Newspaper Publishers' Association that second-class mail subject to the zone rates is the only branch of the mail service which, over a period of years, has shown a steady decrease in volume. In 1925 the mails carried 20,000,000 pounds less second-class mail matter than in 1920. Will Congress please see the point!

Boulder Canyon Dam

BOULDER CANYON of the Colorado came into prominence as a Muscle Shoals magnified four or five times. Is it to surpass Muscle Shoals in the same ratio, too, as a time-killer in Congress? The Boulder Dam Bill is three years old, and has just now succeeded in winning a favorable report from the Irrigation Committee of the House. The road ahead of it is long—and probably quite as rough as the boulders of the canyon itself.

The Boulder Dam Bill would have the Federal Government appropriate $125,000,000 for the construction of a dam the purpose of which would be threefold—power, irrigation, and flood control. Out of these millions would be constructed, too, a canal linking the Imperial Valley of California with the impounded waters of the Colorado. But the bill does not contemplate that the Government should become the owner of the improvements. The money expended would be repaid, over a period of fifty years, from the sale of power to be generated at the dam.

There are difficulties in the way of the bill aside from the inertia of Congress, which amounts to a reluctance to launch the Government upon an enterprise so colossal as to require a fund three times as large as the total of authorizations in the Rivers and Harbors Bill. The Colorado River States are not in agreement among themselves. Arizona has thus far refused to ratify the so-called Colorado River Compact. And Utah, clear at the head-waters, insists upon a larger share of benefits than the States farther down the river are willing to concede.

What Clark Did

GOVERNOR SMALL, of Illinois, has said that Colonel Frank L. Smith will accept his appointment as United States Senator—that "nobody declines so high an honor from the Governor of Illinois." Colonel Smith has said nothing, except that he does not think Governor Small would misstate the facts. Whether he has or has not accepted the appointment is still as much a mystery as it was in the beginning. Senator Deneen has made a special trip home to urge Smith not to accept, or at least not to present his credentials and ask to be sworn in. But no news has come as to the success or failure of this effort.

While Washington waits to see what Smith will do, it compares and contrasts Smith's case with others of the past, particularly with that of the late Senator Clark, of Montana. The contrast is afforded by the facts. The similarity may or may not be supplied by Smith.

Clark was elected United States Senator by the Legislature of Montana, came to Washington, and took the oath in regular order. Some time afterward a memorial was presented which raised the question of the legality of the election. A committee undertook an investigation. Clark withdrew from the Senate, first making a speech in which he said that he had tendered his resignation to the Governor of Montana and that he was going to submit the question of whether he was right or wrong to the people of Montana.

The Governor of Montana did, probably, an unprecedented thing. He accepted Clark's resignation, and then appointed Clark to fill out the unexpired term, the seat to which Clark was elected and which he had resigned. Clark presumably accepted the appointment, but never presented his credentials under it, never appeared in Washington. The seat simply remained vacant, though the Governor had made an appointment to fill it.

The Democratic State Convention in the following year expressed confidence in Clark's integrity and in the validity of his election. This was made an issue in the legislative campaign. A majority favorable to Clark was elected. He was again chosen as United States Senator, went to Washington, presented his credentials, and was seated without protest.

If Clark had presented his credentials under the appointment, the question would have been raised in 1899, as it may be raised in 1927, whether or not disqualification that may attach to the election of a candidate attaches also to the appointment of the same candidate. Since he did not present his credentials, the question is still new and to be decided in the case of Colonel Smith—unless Smith follows Clark's example and stays away from Washington until the end of the present session.

Graft Lends a Hand

PROHIBITION has so much trouble with its professed friends—as witness treachery in the enforcement ranks—that help from an avowed enemy is welcome. Graft, the parasitic foe of the operation of the Eighteenth Amendment, has turned on another large-scale bootlegger, once operator of forty rum-runners, and has, by his own admission, forced him out of business. The high cost of graft to safeguard the landing of cargoes became prohibitive.

The reason for the high graft charges, this analytically minded international bootlegger confided to the press, is that the enforcement of prohibition has grown so strict. So, after all, it is evident that the United States Government did not secure the retirement of this source of illicit liquor without earning it.

Indiana Still on Trial

THAT things are not as they should be in Indiana is proved by the fact that the Marion County Grand Jury was unable, after eleven weeks of investigation, either to indict or exonerate the men under investigation. With the machinery of the law at its command, at least nominally, the Grand Jury was unable to secure the attendance of material witnesses. A number of witnesses fled the State when their testimony was desired, and some who took the stand were clearly unwilling witnesses. The best that the Grand Jury could do was to say that it had been unable to complete the investigation and to add that the next grand jury should continue it and that the prosecuting attorney should make such inquiries as he could in the mean-

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Springfield, Missouri

Some conveyance

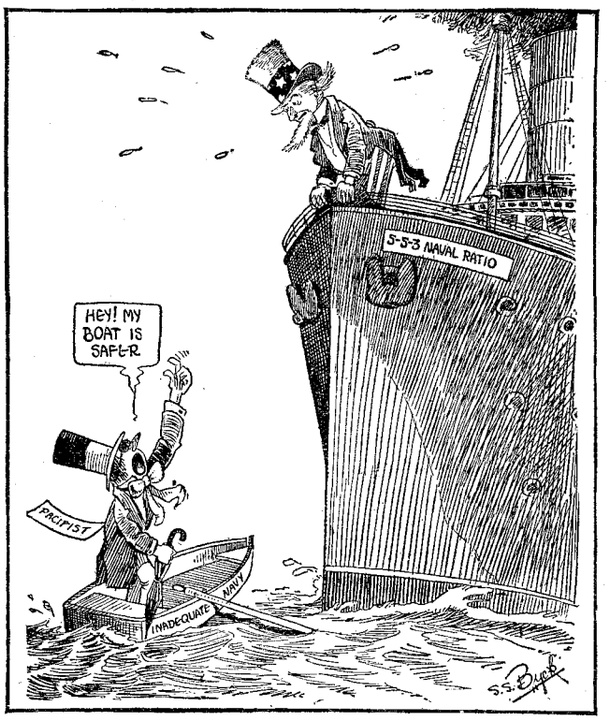
(Merry Wives of Windsor, Act III, Scene 3)

Cargill in the Waco (Texas) Times Herald

As the city man views it

From Mrs. W. B. Brooks, Waco, Texas

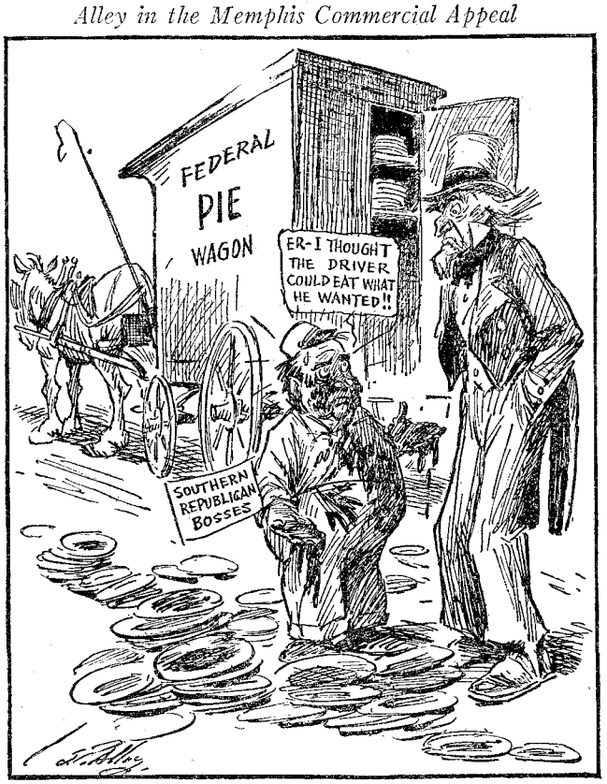
Byck in the New York Commercial



"Don't give up the ship!"

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

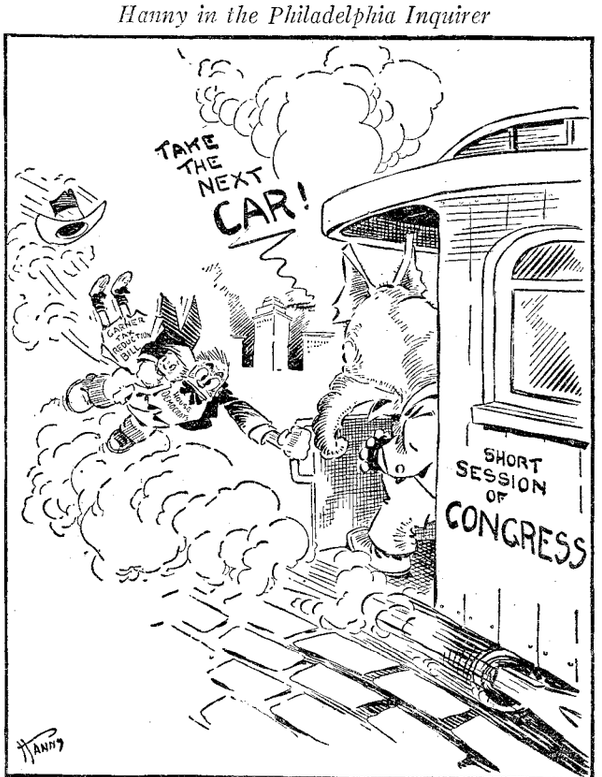
Alley in the Memphis Commercial Appeal



He's just about eaten himself out of a job!

From Mrs. W. B. Brooks, Waco, Texas

Hanny in the Philadelphia Inquirer



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But he refuses to let go

From Harold Straw, Pennington, N. J.

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time. The men concerning whom charges should have been either sustained or thrown out are still simply under suspicion. The governmental machinery of the State also remains under suspicion because either its full power was not exerted to bring out the truth or else it was impotent in that particular.

A Martyr to Duty

When Don R. Mellett was shot down from ambush last July in Canton, Ohio, the crime was not one of individual hatred, but of the vengeance of a criminal group of lawbreakers who had been relying on protection from corrupt politicians. Mr. Mellett attacked their vicious conspiracy mercilessly in his newspaper, and they were both frightened and murderous.

The man McDermott, who has been on trial at Canton, has been convicted by a jury of ten men and two women of murder in the first degree. So much had been said of the power of the Canton gang and their political backers that doubt had been felt whether justice could be done, but the jury took only an hour to consider their verdict; and, although they added a recommendation to mercy, it was probably more because they knew that McDermott was not solely guilty than because the evidence was insufficient.

It is gratifying that public honor has been so far vindicated in Canton. The highest tribute to Don Mellett's courage and defense of decency against graft and gang crime would be to root out altogether and finally the conditions that made his murder possible.

Has It Really Come to This?

Some little time ago Michael Willner, a farmhand, was shot and injured by hold-up men while he was sorting chickens for his employer, one Samuel Katz, at Newark, New Jersey. On his recovery, Willner brought suit for damages against his employer, and the jury awarded him $1,792. Katz appealed the case to the Supreme Court.

The case hinged on the answer to the question as to whether the injury grew out of a situation that "should be reasonably anticipated as connected with the employment." In answering this question, the Justices of the Supreme Court went on record as follows: "In these times when such occurrences are of more than daily occurrence, we think there can be but one answer." In other words, liability to robber attacks has come to be a matter of common expectation, in the opinion of the Supreme Court, and the judgment of the lower court was confirmed.

Such a conclusion is a shocking commentary on the lawlessness of the times; but it serves to illustrate anew that the enforcement of law and the support of constituted authority are the concern of all law-abiding people.

The Baumes Laws Upheld

The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, sitting in Brooklyn, has unanimously upheld one of the Baumes Laws which requires the sentencing for life of fourth offenders guilty of felony. County Judge Taylor had refused to follow the law as unconstitutional, Justice Lewis had affirmed the validity of the act. It was on appeal of Judge Taylor from the decision of Justice Lewis that the Appellate Division's decision was made. Judge Taylor now announces his purpose to carry the case to the New York Court of Appeals. Upon the final decision will rest the fate of this experiment in dealing with the habitual criminal.

A Head-On Collision

Whether the head-on railway collision of two fast express trains on the Southern Railway at Rockmart, Georgia, on December 23, in which twenty persons were killed and many were injured, was due to a misunderstanding of orders or of signals, the lesson is the same. It is the oft-proved fatal danger in relying chiefly on human fallibility. In this case a change in engineers had been made on one of the trains, and apparently the new man mistook the verbal order he received or ran past the switch where he should have stopped.

The need of automatic stops or automatic control of engines is peculiarly strong when a main line carrying heavy express passenger traffic has in whole or part but one track and passing often has to be made by waiting at sidings. The Outlook has more than once reported experiments and actual application of automatic systems by which an engine is physically prevented from passing an adverse signal. In some form this measure is being adopted or has been adopted by important roads, but its general use is still in the future. When it comes, such tragedies as this in Georgia will be fewer and we shall hear less of the "human element" and the individual fault of one employee in causing a frightful casualty.

Porto Rico as a Center for Pan-American Education

General education in Porto Rico was resuscitated twenty-five years ago by help from the United States. Now, already, Porto Rico is making an important offering in return. By reason of its position central to the Americas and of its cultural inheritance from Spain, the West Indian dependency of the United States is ambitious to become the converging point of Pan-American economic and scientific development and the meeting-place of Spanish and English culture. Invitations to American interest and aid have reached The Outlook from Porto Rican intellectual leaders.

This Porto Rican vision is definitely coming nearer to realization. The School of Tropical Medicine is jointly operated by the University of Porto Rico, from which it receives most of its financial support, and by Columbia University, for which it serves as a graduate school of medicine. The Porto Rican College of Business Administration is under the honorary direction of Dr. Everett W. Lord, Director of the similar college of Boston University—a factor of co-ordination which permits students to pass from one to the other for any term's work, and thus affords a valuable opportunity to Americans planning business careers in Spanish-American countries. The University's Summer School of Spanish invites Spanish and American teachers to work side by side in courses directed honorarily by Dr. Ramon Menendez Pidal, of the Centro in Madrid, and directed actively by Dr. Frederico de Onis, of Columbia University.

The educational history of Porto Rico since the island was severed from Spain has been exemplary. With no financial aid from the United States (and with 33.6 per cent of its Budget at present devoted to schools), Porto Rico is developing an educational system that the International Institute of Teachers College has recently found comparable to that of New York and Massachusetts. During the past twenty-five years illiteracy has been reduced from 85 per cent to 45 per cent, the number of schools has been increased from 545 to 2,943, and the enrollment has grown from 44,681 to 233,425. The execution of the educational program is not yet complete, for 200,000 children are still not touched by the schools, and 84 per cent of the pupils do not go beyond the third grade. But even in the United States the majority of children go only through the sixth grade. The important factors assuring further advance are the willingness of the country to spend taxes on education, the dynamic enthusiasm prevalent in the schools, and the growing leadership of the University of Porto Rico.

The international culmination of Porto Rico's phenomenal educational growth promises to furnish a greatly valuable contribution to liberal civilization

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School of Tropical Medicine, San Juan, Porto Rico

in the Western Hemisphere. The beginning of co-operation on the part of United States institutions is gratifying.

Safety for the Panama Canal

THE Governments of the United States and the Republic of Panama have agreed upon a new treaty for the protection of the Panama Canal Zone. It is now awaiting consideration by the United States Senate and the Assembly of Panama. In consequence of it, some European critics are declaring that Panama is being put in the position of violating her obligations as a member of the League of Nations.

The essential point in the new treaty is that if the United States is involved in war Panama agrees to consider herself also in a state of war. Detailed provision is made for the defense of the Panama Canal, which would be in the hands of the United States. Particularly careful arrangements are planned as regards aircraft and radio defense. From the point of view of certain observers in Geneva, Paris, and London, this constitutes an invasion of the sovereignty of Panama and reduces her independence to a shadow. But the London "Sunday Observer" takes the sensible position. It argues that secure control of the Canal by the United States will give confidence to the world's shipping, and so its effects are likely to be beneficial.

If the United States were at war, it would be under a vital necessity to take every possible precaution to protect the Canal. That would mean action in the territory of Panama. It is far better for Panama to come to an agreement with Washington which recognizes the right of Panama to share in an arrangement affecting her territory than to run the risk of a situation which might call for action without consulting Panama. The United States, in so doing, has emphasized rather than undermined the national integrity of Panama.

Whether or not the new treaty affects the relationship of Panama to the League of Nations is not a concern of the United States. That is a matter between Panama and the League. But the League Covenant specifically recognizes the Monroe Doctrine. Consequently, there does not appear to be any practical reason why the two sets of interests cannot be adjusted without conflict.

A New Trial of Our Policy in Central America

CIVIL war in Nicaragua has faced Uncle Sam with a new problem. Shall he back one side in a Nicaraguan fight while Mexico backs another?

The United States recognizes the administration headed by Adolfo Diaz as the Government of Nicaragua; Mexico recognizes the administration headed by Juan B. Sacasa. The two parties are at war. Meanwhile the United States and Mexico maintain diplomatic relations of friendship—despite their differences over the status of the land and petroleum rights of citizens of the United States in Mexico. The anomalous situation that so complicates our delicate negotiations with Mexico has arisen in this way:

In January, 1926, General Emiliano Chamorro seized power in Nicaragua, forcing out of office the elected President, Señor Solorzano. Under the terms of the Constitution, the Vice-President, Dr. Sacasa, should have assumed the office left vacant by the President. But both Solorzano and Sacasa were Liberals, while Chamorro was a Conservative. Chamorro offered Sacasa a diplomatic post. Sacasa refused it and fled the country. Chamorro then instituted impeachment proceedings against Sacasa; and a Congress under the domination of Chamorro declared the office of Vice-President vacant, although the Supreme Court alone has authority to rule in impeachment proceedings.

The United States refused to recognize the régime of General Chamorro. This position was in accord with the terms of the Central American agreement of 1923 by which no administration coming into power by violence was to be considered legal. The Central

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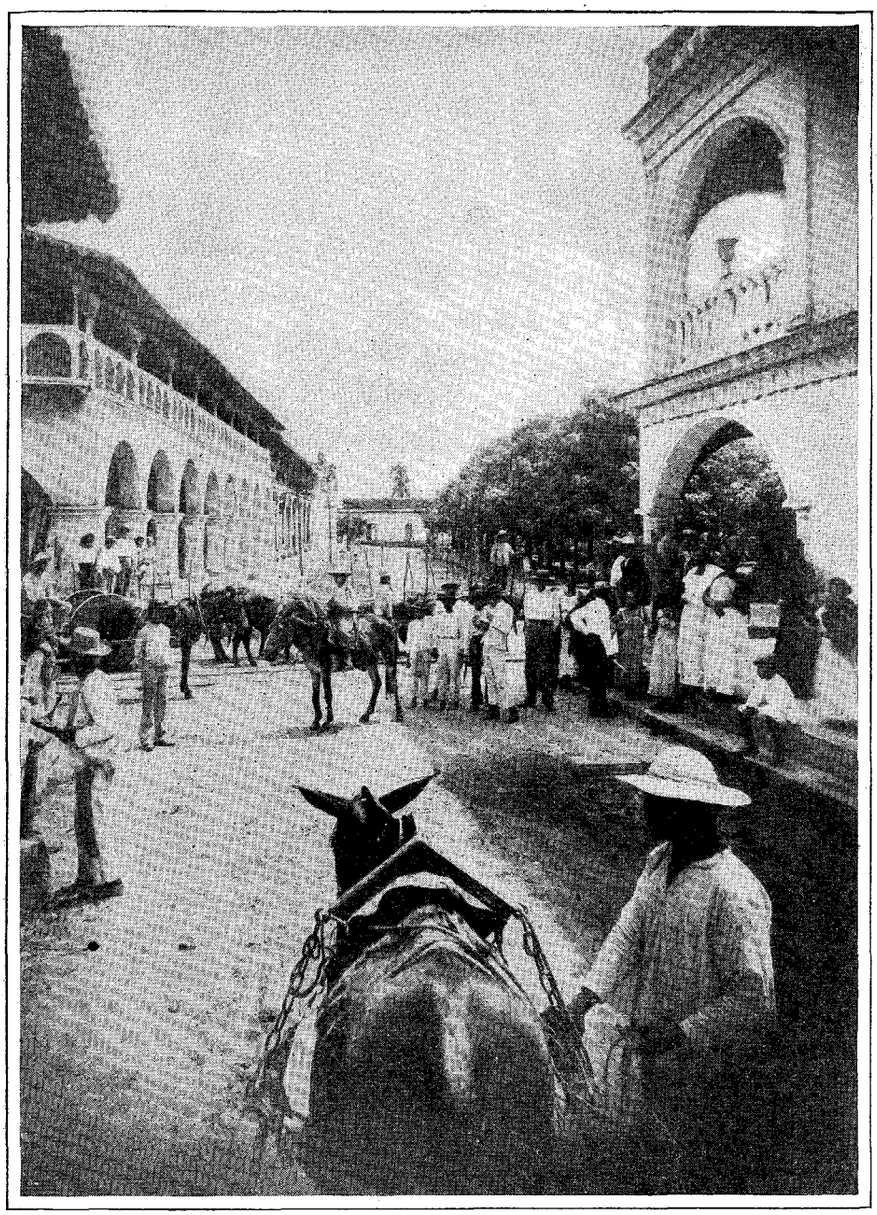

(C) Keystone

A street scene in Nicaragua

American republics joined with the United States in declining to recognize Chamorro.

The Liberals started an active campaign against Chamorro. This autumn he resigned, and called upon the Congress to elect a successor. Out of 64 members, 53 assembled, of whom 45 voted for Adolfo Diaz. He is a Conservative and an associate of Chamorro. The retiring dictator was assigned to a diplomatic mission to Europe. The United States recognized the Diaz Government. American Marine forces, landed at Bluefields in the earlier period of the Liberal campaign against Chamorro to protect American citizens and their property, have remained to guarantee order in the area they control.

While many other nations, including most of the Central American republics, followed the example of the United States in recognizing Diaz, Mexico did not. Her Government sympathized with Dr. Sacasa, the former Liberal Vice-President, who asserted that Constitutional principles had been ignored in the election of Diaz. Arms and ammunition shipped from Mexico have helped the rebel movement which he heads. And Mexico has now recognized the rival administration he has set up on Nicaraguan soil.

Diaz has appealed for American aid against alleged Mexican official support of the Liberal rebellion. The question, consequently, is whether our recognition of a Central American government implies our aid to keep it in power. That might well be a troublesome precedent.

Our action will be watched all through South America. Our policy should be, first of all, clear. Only suspicion will be created by any evasive statement. We assert a predominant interest in the Caribbean and Central America which is generally admitted. Our own people and other nations have a right to know what the intentions of our Government are in any given situation. Our policy should be, second, impartial as between Nicaraguan factions. The most serviceable thing we could do would be to secure an embargo on arms from all neighboring countries, to induce both parties in Nicaragua to agree to a truce, and exert our influence to procure new general elections under conditions assuring freedom to the voters. A Government set up in that way would offer, not only the best hope of peace, but also the best proof that our intentions are disinterested.

Our Wards in the Philippines

FAR removed in space, and still farther removed in circumstance, race, and traditions from the United States, the Philippines seldom come into the consciousness of the American people. When they do, they usually appear in a fog of propaganda on behalf of independence or of commercial development. The chief value of Colonel Carmi A. Thompson's report to the President (which was made public on December 22) is that it brings the Philippines before the American people without the accompaniment of the fog of propaganda. Its chief function is not to solve the Philippine problem but to simplify and clarify it.

It is a short report. Together with the President's letter of transmission to Congress, it occupies less than four newspaper columns. Local newspapers cannot be expected to print such a document in full; but if it were distributed to post offices, local newspapers could easily print information as to the means by which citizens could obtain it readily. Americans should read Colonel Thompson's Philippine report. Public opinion is to government what an auditor's examination is to business. But there is no real public opinion in the Philippines. It is therefore Americans who must apply the check of public opinion to the Philippine Government.

When Colonel Thompson was chosen by the President to investigate the Philippines, there were those who suspected him of being the advance agent of big business. They saw in his trip a purpose to forward plans for making profits out of Philippine resources. It should be reassuring to all such to find Colonel Thompson looking at the question of prosperity in the islands from a Philippine point of view. His concluding sentences are the key to his whole report:

The fundamental problems in the

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Philippines concern the government of the islands and their future relation with the United States. Upon the proper solution of these problems depends the political, social, economic welfare of the Filipinos.

Colonel Thompson declared that the political problem, which must be solved before there can be any economic development, has two principal phases: "First, a widespread and insistent agitation for immediate, absolute, and complete independence; second, a deadlock between the Governor-General and the Legislature."

The complete withdrawal of the United States would bring the Philippines to economic, financial, political, and military disaster. It is therefore practically "impossible now and for a long time to come." Several conditions make withdrawal impossible without disaster. Among those he mentions are the lack of any financial resources for an independent government, involving an army, navy, diplomatic corps, consular service, and other establishments; the present bonded indebtedness of the Philippine Government; the lack of a common language; religious differences; existing international complications in the Orient; the present dependence of the Philippines upon free trade in the United States.

The breach between the Governor-General and the Legislature, making constructive legislation impossible, cannot of course continue without disaster. Colonel Thompson places the responsibility for this breach upon both sides. On the one hand, the Legislature has attempted to exercise power which the organic law vests in the Governor-General. On the other hand, the administration of the islands under the Governor-General has created an unfortunate impression upon the Filipinos by its military atmosphere. It should be explained that the Legislature's aggressiveness is due to the encouragement in that aggressiveness which it received from former Governor-General Harrison. It should also be explained that the military atmosphere of the present administration is due to the fact that Governor-General Wood has not been supplied either by the Philippine Legislature or by the American Congress with civilian assistants sufficient for the tasks allotted to the Governor-General's office, and that he has had, therefore, to depend upon the voluntary services of such army officers as he can secure from the War Department. The cure for the military atmosphere is easy, if Congress will apply it. That is, to provide the Governor-General with the civilian assistants that he needs. The cure for the Legislature's aggressiveness is not so simple. It may be found possible in allowing the Philippines to develop a really parliamentary form of government and to make the Governor-General's office a really adequate organization for inspection and restraint.

There is one subject on which the conscience of the American people ought to be aroused. The United States has done what no other Power has succeeded in doing. It has won the confidence and secured the willing surrender of the arms of a Mohammedan people. The Mohammedan Moros are self-respecting and spirited. They turned over their arms to the United States in confidence that the United States would fulfill its promise to protect them. Instead, the United States has allowed these people to come under the power of the armed forces of the Filipinos, who in many cases have, under the guise of police raids, shot them down. The Moros say, in substance, "Either protect us or let us protect ourselves." Here is a duty the American people ought to be able plainly to see and willingly to perform.

Colonel Thompson makes recommendations for the re-establishment of cooperation between the executive and legislative branches; the indefinite postponement of independence, but the granting of further autonomy; the establishment of an independent department in the American Government for the administration of overseas territory, including the Philippines; the provision of civil advisers for the Governor-General; the strengthening of American control in the Moro country, without any separation of it from the rest of the islands; the extension of the Federal Reserve System to the islands; the establishment of Federal land grants; the establishment of an adequate number of agricultural experiment stations; the retention of the Jones Act as a fundamental law; the amendment, with proper safeguards, of the Philippine land laws by the Philippine Legislature; the refusal of Congress to amend those land laws; the withdrawal of the Philippine Government from private business.

Of these recommendations perhaps the most debatable is that recommending the establishment of a separate department for the administration of overseas territory. Proposals to add to the number of departments of the American Government should be received with skepticism. The tendency to make the Federal Government more cumbersome is one to be resisted. No real gain will be made by simplifying in one place if we create a new complexity in another.

There are certain principles that should not be forgotten in dealing with the Philippines.

First, and most important, is the principle that authority must always accompany responsibility. If we are to be responsible for the Philippines, then we must have authority adequate for the performance of our duties. If we are not to have authority, then we should divest ourselves wholly of responsibility.

In the second place, those who supply the money for government must have a voice in the spending of it. To the extent to which we supply the money for the protection of the Philippines, to that extent we must control the purse.

In the third place, we cannot separate our responsibility for the protection of the Philippines against outside hostility from our ultimate responsibility in protecting the Philippines against inner oppression. We cannot be responsible internationally for the acts of a tyrannical government without being responsible also for the tyranny of that government.

Baseball on Trial

IN all the discussion about the seven-year-old baseball game in connection with which allegations of crookedness have been brought against Cobb and Speaker, two outstanding and respected league players and managers, and against "Smoky Joe" Wood, another veteran player, there seems to be unanimity of opinion on one point. The course pursued by Leonard, their accuser after seven years' silence, has been contemptible and his conduct cowardly. During a comparatively recent contract dispute with the Detroit Club, of which he had been a member, Leonard made the accusation that Cobb, of Detroit, and Speaker and Wood, of the Cleveland team, had agreed that Cleveland should "throw" a game to Detroit for the betting advantage the four men could derive from the outcome.

Prevalent opinion is militant, but confused, in resenting the action of Judge Landis, the baseball arbiter, to whom the case was referred, in making public the charges against Cobb and Speaker without their having had an opportunity to cross-examine Leonard regarding his accusations. Having made his charges, Leonard repeatedly refused to confront the men he accused. Judge Landis published the charges even though he admitted that Leonard's statement was "in the absence of the accused not evidence."

A further sinister reflection on the way the situation was handled comes from the fact that the American League, which embraces both the Detroit and

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Cleveland clubs, bought the letters written by Cobb and Wood which Leonard said substantiated his charges. This belated and more than dubious attempt to bring certain baseball teams and players into disrepute should have been met at the start by the refusal of the American League to buy the letters or consider the charges, regardless of what detrimental publicity Leonard might give them, unless and until the man who made the allegations should stand up and face the music. Instead, fear of injury to baseball seems to have led to a wretched attempt at smothering the matter; and this seems to have involved secret discrediting of the two accused men who were still connected with league baseball (Cobb and Speaker) by forcing them from their clubs, even on the basis of unproved charges; and it seems to have offended the baseball public, which for years has regarded these two players as of high character as well as of high technical skill.

The three men accused appeared before Landis, denied any guilty conduct, and explained the letters as consistent with honesty on their part. The relation of the four men to this matter differs quite a little, each from the other. If Leonard's story is true, he, for one, was guilty of "fixing" the game, and of winning money thereby; Wood, in his letter and at the hearing, admitted betting against his own team on this game, but he denies that Cobb or Speaker had had anything to do with the betting and denies also that there was any "fixing" by any one; Cobb denies having bet on the game or knowing of any "fixing" and explains his letter to Leonard in consonance with his denial; Speaker is not named in the letters, and there is not a particle of evidence against him, for Leonard's statement to Landis is not evidence and has not been subject to cross-examination. There is, in fact, no evidence that the game was "fixed." Both Wood and Cobb laid stress in their examinations on the fact that a bet on Detroit in that game was almost a sure thing, outside of any crookedness, because Cleveland could gain nothing in position by winning, whereas Detroit was "on its toes" and playing brilliantly.

Landis's own characterization of Leonard's statement as not evidence leads many to believe that no general hearing should have been held in Leonard's absence, but that the public should have been told of Leonard's contumacy and refusal to follow up his slanderous charges, and that the accused men should be exonerated and restored to an honorable place in their business—for major league baseball is a business as well as a sport.

As it stands, the new "scandal" is a wretched mess and might well have a more thorough investigation, not merely as to the conduct of the players, but even more as to the conduct of the baseball officials.

Please, May We Share the Ocean?

IT was an Englishman who told the following story at a recent gathering in New York:

"When the German fleet was interned at Scapa Flow," he said, "some of the sailors of the All-Highest were distributed for safekeeping on board British war-ships. One day a British tar knocked down a German sailor and proceeded to give him a thorough thrashing. When he was hauled off his prostrate opponent and asked to give an explanation of his conduct, he did so in the following words: 'Well, sir, I was standin' 'ere on the deck botherin' nobody, and this Heinie, 'e comes up and calls me a nahsty name, and I does nothink. Then he calls me another nahsty name, and I does nothink. Then he walks to the side of the ship, he does, and he spits in our ocean, and I 'ad to let him 'ave it.'"

The story was told in all good nature and with due appreciation of the humor of the situation. Nevertheless the tale is something more than a mere excuse for merriment. We don't wish to be too solemn about it, but the attitude of the British sailor in the story has a very strong kinship to the attitude of most Britons both on sea and on land.

The attitude of the British press toward the proposal to build more cruisers for the American Navy is on all fours with that of the British sailor at Scapa Flow. The genius which the British display for becoming righteously indignant when another nation does something which they themselves would be glad to do, and would be ready to defend upon the highest moral grounds, provides one of the most illuminating bits of national psychology to be discovered anywhere in this troubled world of ours. Shaw has more than once hit off brilliantly this power of the British to translate national advantage and economic opportunity into terms of moral superiority. This quality of the British mind is not one which promotes international good will or adds to the reputation of British fair play.

The commonest facts are those which appear to be soonest forgotten. At the risk of boring some of our readers, let us recount the history of naval development since the World War.

At the conclusion of that conflict the United States was in a position to outbuild the navies of every nation in the world. It could have wrested the control of the seas from Great Britain without causing American taxpayers the loss of a night's sleep. Instead of proceeding with its program of construction, it called upon the naval Powers of the world to gather at Washington. In effect, the American Government said: "This contest for naval superiority ought not to go on. While the United States is in a position to outbuild all of you together, it recognizes the fact that such a course would lead to tremendous burdens upon your peoples which they ought not to be asked to bear. Let's call a halt to this race and settle upon a ratio of power which will be fair to all concerned. That this may be accomplished, we are willing to scrap hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of naval vessels." As our readers will remember, the limitations were placed solely upon ships of over 10,000 tons. No settlement was proposed or reached in regard to vessels of smaller tonnage.

The naval treaty left the United States with a battleship fleet which appeared to be equal to that of Great Britain. Our fleet, however, was vastly inferior to Great Britain's in cruiser strength. The proposals now before Congress look towards bringing our cruiser fleet to an ultimate parity with that of Great Britain. Under the treaty we could build as many 10,000-ton cruisers as we desired, and inaugurate a new race in naval armament. Even the so-called big-navy men in Congress have no such idea in mind. They feel that we are morally entitled to the same ratio in cruisers which we are supposed to maintain in battleships.

How is this proposal greeted in Great Britain? The naval correspondent of the London "Sunday Times" declares that the bill before our Congress shocks those Britons who had believed that America honestly desired peace and disarmament. As Great Britain now has four times the cruiser strength of the United States, we may say that these Britons are easily shocked. Press despatches from London to the New York "Herald Tribune" quote the "Saturday Review" and the "Nation" as saying that our naval program is an obstacle to disarmament. The "Spectator" says that President Coolidge's change of attitude (a change which has not been very noticeable on this side of the Atlantic)

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has made Britons wonder whether they may continue to hope for American help in the cause of disarmament. The English weekly which borrows without consent the name of The Outlook expresses its alarm as follows: "The dangerous doctrine of arming to force others to disarm has been tried before with but little success." Offhand, the chief result of this policy which occurs to us is to be found in the fact that British taxpayers have been relieved of millions of pounds of expenditure because, before 1921, America adopted it.

The reaction in Europe to the proposal to build more cruisers strengthens our belief that these cruisers ought to be added to our naval list at the earliest possible moment. To build them is a threat to no Power on either the Atlantic or the Pacific. To build them now may hasten the day when cruisers as well as battleships may be safely limited by all Powers, to the advantage of taxpayers and the cause of peace.

Will the "Evening World" Support Enforcement?

THE "World" twins, Morning and Evening, in New York, are two of the wettest newspapers in the United States.

They never lose an opportunity to attack prohibition both in theory and in fact. If we remember correctly, they fathered, or at least succored, the plea that the Volstead Act exposed citizens to a double jeopardy of a new and horrendous variety. They have denounced the Volstead Act as an invasion of personal liberty, they have supported the right of States to turn over the enforcement of the Volstead Act to the National Government, they have indorsed a proposal that the States could set their own limit upon the alcoholic content of beverages. We may quarrel with these views, but we do not quarrel with the right of the two "Worlds" to express them. The prohibition question will never be settled through a suppression or limitation of free discussion. Although The Outlook has differed with the policies of the New York Evening and Morning "World," it believes that it has now discovered in an editorial in the "Evening World" a policy upon which all three papers can whole-heartedly unite, although the motives for supporting this policy diametrically differ.

Just before Christmas District Attorney Buckner raided numerous speakeasies and so-called clubs in New York City. Commenting upon these raids, the "Evening World" said:

> Volsteadism will abide as long as people with money and position are not seriously inconvenienced or deprived. Under the present dispensation they have privileges. They can even afford to frown on all talk of modification or repeal. Why should they worry because the workingman and the white-collar toilers cannot so easily get their beer or wine?
>
> When the Volstead Law is enforced rigidly to the letter, and the clubs are closed, and the rich man can no longer serve his guests with liquor in his home—when money cannot buy privilege to drink, we shall have fewer hypocrites among the powerful sanctimoniously supporting prohibition with their lips and not their throats. Take privilege out of prohibition and you take the life out. Privilege is the heart of the beast, that keeps it alive.

May we translate this editorial pronouncement into other terms? The "Evening World" will doubtless correct us if our translation is awry.

> The "Evening World" condemns the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act lock, stock, and barrel. The Amendment and the Act violate every principle of American Government and every tradition of individual liberty. Believing as we do that the Amendment and the Act are wholly vicious, we are convinced that the only way to secure their repeal is to throw the power of the Government into an attempt to enforce them.

If this is the position of the "Evening World," it ought logically to support the most generous appropriations on the part of Congress for strengthening the enforcement service. It ought to work to eliminate dishonesty in the Prohibition Service in order that no special favors might be given or received. It ought to urge upon the Legislature at Albany a re-enactment of the Mullan-Gage Law. It ought to urge every wet newspaper to adopt a policy calling for the greatest possible degree of law enforcement.

If the wets of the country would unite upon a demand for law enforcement in order to secure a repeal of the law, and if the drys would throw their weight behind the enforcement of the Volstead Act to secure a fair test of the law, everybody would be happy and the country would have a chance to learn the real value or lack of value of this tremendous experiment in social legislation. We hope that the "Evening World" will carry out its proposal to its logical conclusion.

Though this is not the point, we add that we should expect from this united effort for enforcement a result quite different from that which the "Evening World" describes.

A New Emperor Who Is More than a Sovereign

By ADACHI KINNOSUKE

A NEW Emperor is upon the ancient throne of Yamato.

But there is nothing so startling or strange about that. For more than 2,580 years that sort of thing has been happening over there off and on. Hirohito, our new Emperor, is the 124th sovereign of the oldest dynasty on the face of the globe to-day. His ascent to the throne is really nothing more astounding than a new President stepping into the White House at Washington. But when a Lincoln or a Roosevelt makes himself at home in the historic mansion, it makes all the difference in the world, naturally.

The young Prince of not quite twenty-six years of age (for Hirohito was born on April 29, 1901) is not a mere Emperor; for he has come and filled the immemorial throne of the Mikado as prophet of a brand-new epoch.

Let us consider him framed—not in purple—but in the actual life facts of his own. The young Prince is the world's champion smasher of imperial precedents.

He is the first, absolutely the very first, among all our sovereigns to adventure forth far beyond the Eastern seas. The first and the only one who ever sat upon the throne of the Mikado with first-hand knowledge of the life and achievements of Europe. The first with a mental horizon reaching out beyond the Asian continent. Early in March, 1921, the Prince left his Kasumigaseki Palace on the memorable journey. The battleship Katori, with the Prince aboard, touched at all the great ports between Yokohama and London and opened before the widening eyes of the

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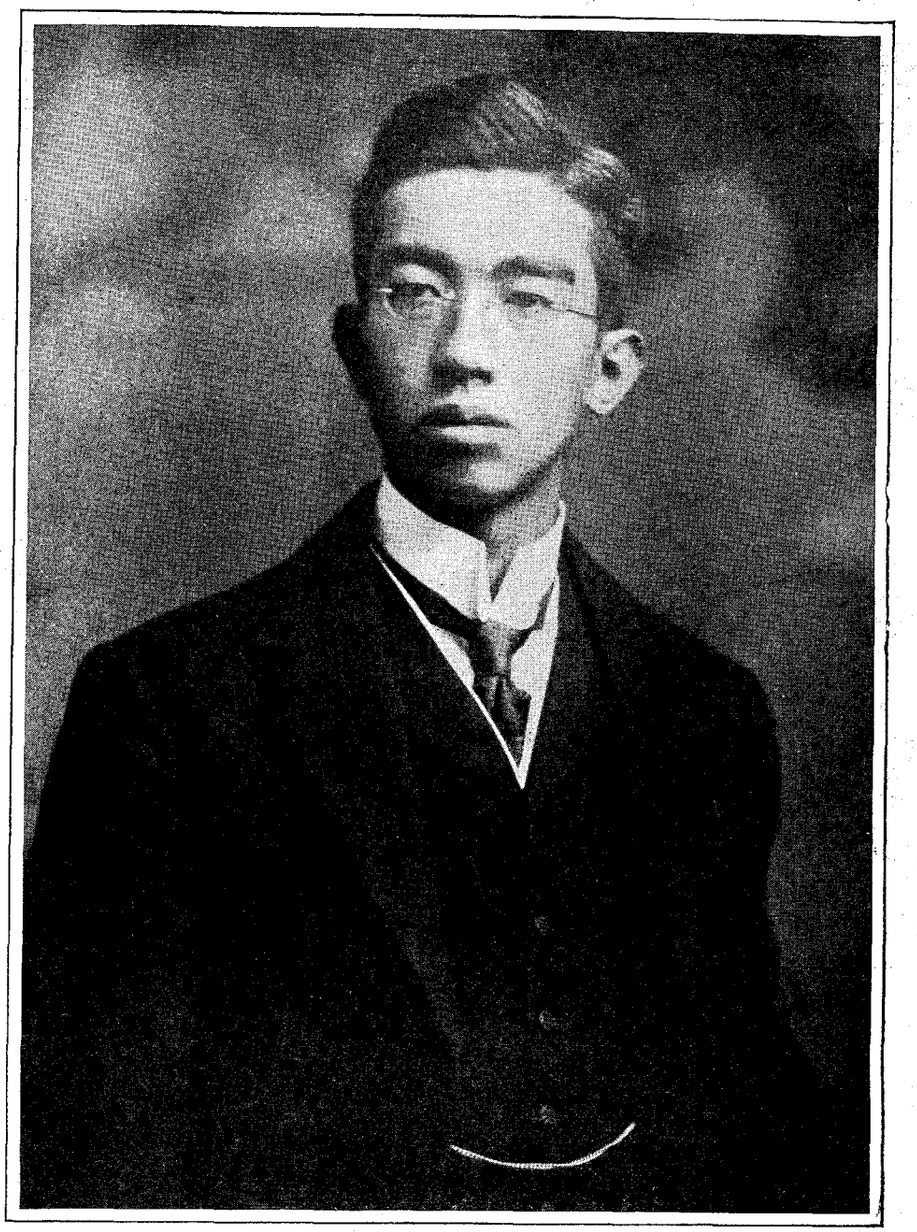
young Prince the great book of world life and land. The Prince touched Egypt, loitered through England, France, Belgium, Holland, and Italy, and returned home in September of that year.

The historians of this princely Odyssey write and speak as if the greatest thing it achieved was the widening of the mental horizon of the Prince by three continents and three oceans. They are wrong. There was another thing far more vital, in that it was infinitely more intimate to the people of Nippon and their destiny, than that which the journey accomplished. It brought the Imperial house and the people in a warm, personal touch new to the story of Nippon. It broke down once for all the icy fence of ceremony between them. In welcoming Prince Hirohito home from his European trip our people forgot themselves completely and hailed him with thunderous "Banzai!" everywhere. No sovereigns or crown princes of Nippon before him had ever been hailed with shouts of "Banzai!" they had always been greeted with bowed heads in awed silence. For centuries it had been supposed that noise was entirely too rude for the Imperial ear. The Prince Imperial changed all that with an open smile which told the people how well he liked it. In all the countries of Europe he had visited he heard people expressing their emotions in terms of noise. He saw nothing that was rude or wrong in the thunder of welcome that met him at the Yokohama pier. And the precedent of countless centuries went down in a fraction of a second.



Hirohito, who has ascended the throne of Japan as successor to his father, the late Yoshihito

By all odds, the one outstanding event of the young Emperor's life is his marriage with Princess Nagako of the house of Kuni. It was the first love match in the twenty-five-century annals of the Imperial house of Japan. As naturally as an apple somehow gravitates to the open mouth of the nearest boy, the young Prince fell in love with Princess Nagako. And quite as naturally he wished to make her the future Empress of Japan.

Right there the ancient adage about the path of true love showed itself no respecter of princes. No less a power—in the Court and in the councils of the Empire—than the leader of the Elder Statesmen, Prince Yamagata, opposed the match. The wily Elder Statesman was then the acknowledged leader of the old Choshu elements in the Empire. The Choshu clique had only one rival for the command of the political power and the favors of the Imperial Court at the time—the Satsuma clique. And the mother of Princess Nagako was a daughter of the great house of Shimazu, the hereditary lord of the old Satsuma clan. From all these plain facts, the people of the country jumped to the easy conclusion that Prince Yamagata was opposed to the marriage of the Prince Imperial with Princess Nagako for purely political reasons.

It was in the opening days of 1921, when the young Prince was not quite twenty years of age. The picture of this young Prince entering the arena against the old gray wolf of a thousand battles, so that his beloved might share with him the throne and its responsibilities in the future, drove the emotions of his people into a frenzy. Almost overnight the National Prayer Offering Association, composed of thousands of patriots, was organized. And early in February, 1921, the city of Tokyo saw the dramatic parade of 15,000 men of the Association up the avenue to the great Meiji Shrine in which the deified spirit of the Meiji Emperor, the grandfather of Prince Hirohito, was enshrined. And these men visited the shrine for no other end whatsoever than to offer their united prayer begging the spirit of the great Emperor to deign to fight for the happy consummation of the love of the young Prince Imperial. The public opinion of the land was thoroughly and profoundly stirred over this incident. And it stood solidly back of the Prince. Even the prestige and power of the Elder Statesman and the big political machine at his command was utterly powerless before it. It was the first powerful gesture of the people announcing the birth of a healthy public opinion that must be reckoned with thenceforth.

The twenty-year-old Prince won. It resulted in the immediate resignation of the Minister of the Imperial Household,

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who was a Choshu man. The people almost went wild over this triumph. It was a great victory for the Prince Imperial, which spelled the winning of the dearest prize in all the world. It was also a tremendous triumph for the public opinion of the country. More than that, it tolled the knell of parting day for the hoary institution of Elder Statesmen—a monstrous anachronism in any constitutional state. Millions of love romances are dreamed, written, and lived in and outside of palaces. But I know of no other love romance one-tenth as important as this one, judged from its power in affecting the future destiny of a great nation of 60,000,000 souls.

This romance of Prince Hirohito revolutionized our idea of that basic relation between man and woman called marriage. Love, in the sense America understands the term, did not play any conspicuous rôle in a Japanese marriage. With us marriage meant the union of two families rather than of two young individuals. And the emotions and inclinations of the two leading characters in the drama received no particular emphasis on the part of our society. The outstanding example of the Prince Imperial changed all that. For in Japan what the "above" does the "below" follows. This love match of the Prince Imperial was therefore as important socially as it was politically. Here, then, is the one love romance—and coming to flower too, in the frigid home of ceremony, the palace—which was as important and epochal as the signing of the Bill of Rights or the declaration of Independence to the life of Nippon.

ANOTHER thing:

Our new Emperor is the first really democratic sovereign on the time-hallowed throne. At Paris the great department stores interested him immensely. He went into one of them and actually bought things himself. Now this simple statement of a very simple act does not strike an American reader as anything dramatic or in any way significant. In Nippon it is the sort of stuff that would make the front-page feature story. Over there in the Elder Nippon for centuries out of mind even self-respecting Samurai of more or less social standing—let alone a prince of the blood—never thought of degrading himself by handling money. In the good old days merchants and other handlers of money were classed at the very bottom of her social ladder, just above the *eta* class—the outcasts. A Prince Imperial of Japan buying things himself and handling money! Utterly, preposterously unthinkable to the old-fashioned Nippon. Of course, our idea of money and trade has radically changed of late, and to-day thousands of men of high social standing go into business and handle money every day. Still,

The Dowager Empress of Japan, mother of the new Emperor

for the Prince Imperial of Japan— But that was precisely what the Prince did do right along at Paris. And on one occasion, they say, he had quite an experience. He was visiting the famous Eiffel Tower. A bright salesgirl stepped up to him and asked him to buy a souvenir trinket of some sort. "Certainly," said the Prince, who speaks French fluently, "with pleasure, mademoiselle." He took the trinket and dug into his pocket for the price. His pocket was empty. "I'm sorry," the Prince told the salesgirl, "I cannot buy; I have no money." There he was, the heir apparent of perhaps the richest reigning house on earth to-day, stone broke!

In London one day—so goes another story—Prince Hirohito in one of his free rambles, incognito, tried to board a subway train. He had bought the ticket and had it with him, but forgot to present it. The subway guard, without the least suspicion of who the stranger was, handled the Prince without gloves. The Japanese officials who were accompanying him were petrified with horror. They were dumb and motionless under the shock. But the Prince saved the situation easily by apologizing to the guard in such a gentle, polite manner that even the soul of the underground railway conductor melted. And the incident passed into history.

His love for all sorts of outdoor sports is a matter of wide knowledge. And in them his taste is both catholic and democratic. He is fond of mountain climbing. He holds the record of being the only Emperor who has mastered the highest crest of Mount Fuji, the Peerless—at least, in the memory of many centuries past. The Prince riding about on his favorite mount all over the country roads near Tokyo, practically unguarded, is a sight common to the people of the capital city. He plays tennis and golf—no other Emperor of Nippon has ever done that. He is one of the expert swimmers of the country. While yet a student at the Gakushu-In he was very fond of *sumo*, the Japanese style of wrestling. And because in those days wrestling was the national sport of the Empire—the baseball of Japan—the people were delighted to say that the Prince was so devoted to the humble sport of the common people.

THERE is just one thing which makes our people build dream castles upon our new Emperor, so high, noble, and with so much confidence. They seem to sense somehow, as instinctively as a dog takes up a fresh scent, that this our new Emperor is a favored child of destiny. They sense this to-day in the same mystic manner as our forefathers felt about their young Emperor Meiji when he ascended the throne of the Mikado at the age of sixteen. Our people feel that the New Emperor is destined for even a greater work than that of Emperor Meiji, his grandfather; that he will lead them into a new realm of achievement and world-wide service undreamed of before.

And that, with him, we shall walk into the great Pacific era with the center of the world life gravitating to the basin of the mightiest ocean on the earth.

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The Governor of Maine

By Don C. Seitz

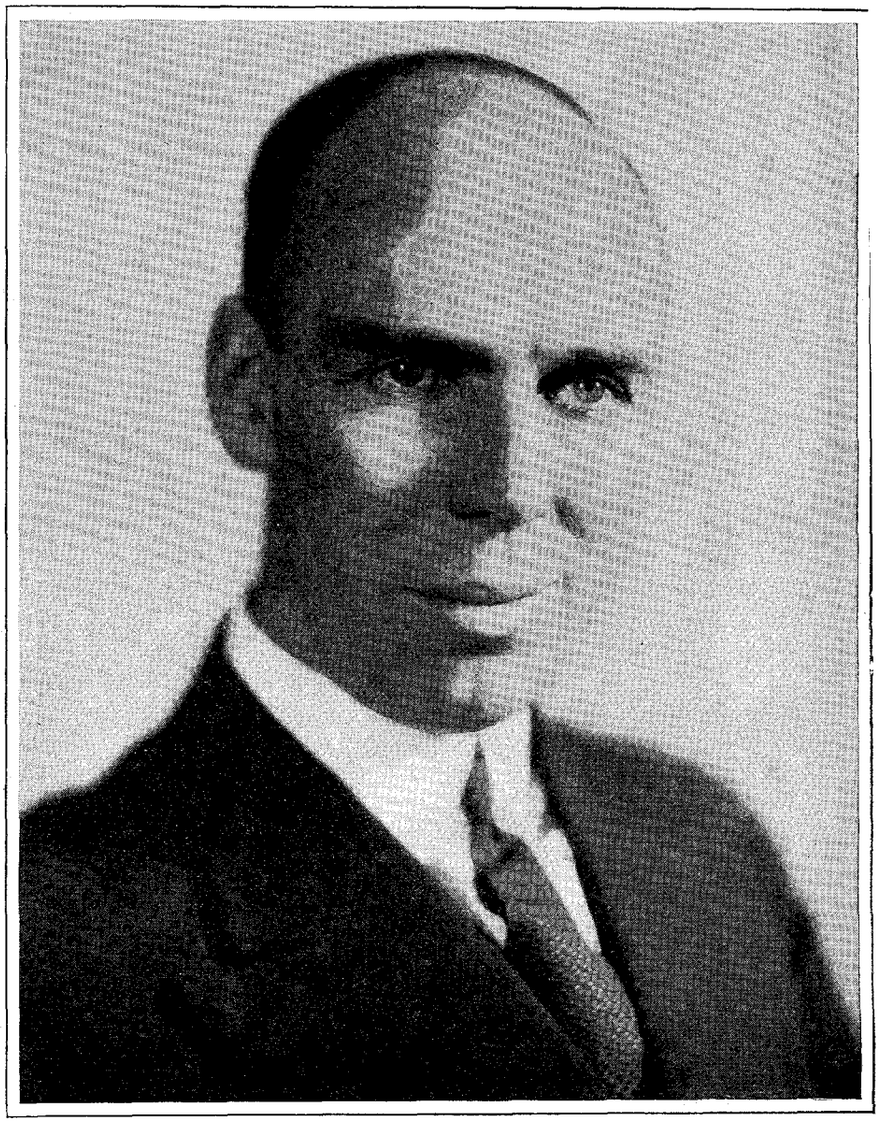
"THE voyaging of the Pilgrims is not done," said the Governor of Maine, rather dramatically, at the recent dinner of the New England Society in New York, at which he was an interesting speaker. He is Ralph O. Brewster, descendant of the celebrated Elder of Plymouth, and a man of courage, who stands at the parting of the ways with his party on what he thinks is a point of law and order.

There are three Senators under fire in the Senate of the United States—Vare, of Pennsylvania; Smith, of Illinois; and Gould, of Maine—because of charges made against them for the excessive use of money in procuring their nominations. The first two are accused as the result of Senatorial inquiries, the last under a direct charge from the Governor of his State that he used $50,000 illegally to procure his nomination. Much wonderment has been expressed at the action of a Governor in denouncing a candidate of his own party on the eve of an election. That has been left ordinarily to the other fellow. That Brewster could do such a thing stamps him among the unusual—and he is.

Born at Dexter, in the State of which he is the executive, in 1888, he is pretty young as governors go. He began his political life soon after leaving the Harvard Law School, was a captain of militia, served as a member of both the Maine House and Senate, and entered upon his second term as Governor on January 1. Portland is his normal habitat. Just now he resides in the home for Governors at Augusta, once the residence of James G. Blaine. Instead of Executive Mansion, they call it Blaine House. This fits the traditions of Maine Republicanism—but not Ralph O. Brewster.

He broke the inheritance system of selecting candidates for his position by running "stump" in the direct primary, making, for once, correct use of that device. People said the Ku Klux Klan members were behind him. Perhaps they were. If so, there were not enough of them to give him the lead on the face of the returns. The margin was small, however. Brewster charged fraud, proved it, and was given a certificate by the courts. He won hands down in the election. The second time he had no difficulties, but his vote was smaller.

He made his first term notable by putting Maine upon the map. A publicity agent, born in the State, but with a metropolitan training, was set to work. Advantage was taken of all creditable episodes that could be made to attract attention to the merits of the State as a resort in summer and as a place to do business in all the year round. The response was large. Auto tourists discovered a direct route to Quebec through Maine, following the footsteps of Benedict Arnold's famous expedition. They swarmed into the State. If the claim that from $75,000,000 to $100,000,000 is now left annually among the stumps of the pine trees may be exaggerated, there is no doubt but the State was rediscovered. Portland has become a huge clearing-house of travel, and its hotels grow in size and number.



Underwood & Underwood

Ralph O. Brewster

So well did his plans work out that he might justly have changed his name to Booster. But while engaged on the material side he did not neglect the political side of the State's affairs. He cut out the pardon habit. People who go to prison in Maine now stay there. Of the 12,000 murders committed in the United States during the statistical year, but two were credited to Maine, even though they hang no one for killing. He removed the sheriff of Kennebec County forcefully. The people re-elected the official. He frankly made war on what he thought were undue Catholic encroachments on the public school system. The State voted down an amendment to the Constitution that would have cut off aid to all academic institutions, pre-

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sumably offered to kill off contributions to Roman Catholic doctrine as taught in school. Thus, aside from being re-elected, he does not seem to have secured much popular support.

During his first term a new force came into the State, to wit, Samuel Insull, of Chicago, who acquired the rights of the Central Maine Power Company, a public figure in the troubles of Smith, the Illinois storm Senator. Local associates attend to the politics in Maine. Insull is now after the undeveloped powers, and wishes to acquire the right to sell current outside the State. So there is plenty of excitement ahead.

Senator Gould is an open representative of Big Business. The Governor believes that there must come a great struggle between Big Business and the public, and that it is near at hand. He sees in the plight of the farmers the result of concentrating privileges, and he is out to fight for them. Once Maine set the pitch for a great "greenback" party. It may breed something else.

Moreover, he believes that the might of Big Business is concentrated in the Senate, where, despite the direct primary, it remains in control. So far as Gould is concerned, he regards him as but another member of the club. The latter could hardly have carried the Maine primary against former Governor Percival Baxter, except for the injection of a third candidate in the field, who got 15,000 votes, mainly in the Baxter section. The Klan was credited with putting up the third ticket, and this reacted on Brewster. The strategy, whoever planned it, had a bad result.

But as to his attack on the Senator before election, a most extraordinary proceeding in party politics, the Governor holds that the law forbids excessive expenditures. The great outlay for Gould, therefore, in his eyes, deserved reprehension. He gave it, thereby precipitating a row of the first dimensions. The standard politicians say he did it with an eye on the seat for the future. He says he did it as a duty under his oath of office.

The proceeding has made him a National figure for the moment. He is a slight man whose lofty forehead is not impeded by hair until it reaches well over toward the back of his neck. His voice is strident and penetrating. He speaks well and has an excellent education. Contrary to the habits of most Maine governors, he is neither a Universalist nor a Congregationalist, being affiliated instead with the Christian Science cult. The Klan is strongest in Maine among the Methodists.

It is easy to make mistakes when every one is watching. So the Governor has probably a good collection of them to his credit. Lack of purpose is, however, not one of his laches. He means to carry on. This he must do practically without newspaper support, and make himself heard against the wind. Thus his task is far from easy. He has defied conventions, and so far with success. In this he has been the very opposite of Calvin Coolidge, who has accepted all of them and sits calmly in the White House. Brewster's path is full of thorns. The "old-timers" have no use for him. The "foreign element" regards him as a bigot. "Old-timers" are bigots, too, but not on election day. They have a strange connection with the "foreign vote" in the cities, which can be consistently Democratic in municipal contests and stiffly Republican on State and National elections. This is one of the political mysteries of Maine and Connecticut. It does not seem to apply so safely in New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

Perhaps the Governor of Maine was thinking of himself when he made the remark that heads this article.

A Daniel Come to Judgment

A Portrait of the New Governor of Texas

By ROBERT M. FIELD

TEXAS inaugurates her Governor January eighteenth—a sandy-haired, ruddy-faced, soft-spoken gentleman, not yet thirty-four. His full name is Daniel J. Moody, but actually he is plain "Dan" to every one, friend and foe alike.

Nobody ever called Moody "Daniel." As well hail "Al" Smith as "Alfred" or the elder Roosevelt as "Theodore." True enough, there were days in the very beginning of "Ma" Ferguson's administration when her Thespian husband, Jim, was wont, with the fervor of Shylock, to acclaim Moody as "a Daniel come to judgment." That was because the Governor-elect of Texas, not only swept himself into the office of Attorney-General on a wave of anti-Klan sentiment, but also swept "Ma" Ferguson up to the high honor of being the first woman head of an American State.

The wave aforementioned washed Moody 100,000 votes higher than Mrs. Ferguson. But, unimpressed by relative majorities, the Fergusons, husband and wife, dramatically patronized their colleague until he brought them to grief with his startling disclosures of grave irregularities in the awarding of contracts by the Highway Commission, and demanded the source of Ferguson ducats, charged by Moody to have been coined in road and pardon graft mills.

As Attorney-General, the new Governor recovered in excess of a half-million dollars, branded by him as unconscionable excess profits, from favored construction companies. And there were doubts of the quality and genesis of Mrs. Ferguson's mercy in issuing, during her two-year term as Governor, more than twenty-five hundred clemency proclamations—probably a record for any State, and certainly surpassing in mercy that of any previous executive of Texas. Added interest in the great number of pardons arose from the fact that husband Jim, as a practicing lawyer, but with no office except the official one provided for "Ma" in her public capacity as Governor, frequently appeared as counsel for convicts in pleas to his wife for executive clemency. The officeless lawyer enjoyed such uniform success, and heated charges against the pardon mill became so insistent, that a stirring political drama soon unfolded itself. Public opinion as the casting director gave the Fergusons, to their obvious dismay, the rôle of bellowing but toothless lions whose den young Daniel invaded with Scriptural zeal.

WHAT manner of man is this lion tamer? When you enter his severely furnished office, bare save for portraits of Texas statesmen, he smiles

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Keystone

The Governor's Mansion, Austin, Texas, where Dan Moody will reside after his inauguration on January 18

and arises cordially to greet you. Facing him, one is conscious of the power and energy of youth, but even more aware of the poise and dignity of a man who thirteen years ago was a university student, and six short years ago was an unheralded district attorney.

To cite parallels, he is as compelling and powerful in his way as the elder La Follette in his halcyon youth, and as happy and resourceful a warrior as "Al" Smith taming a Republican Legislature. Actually, he has been warring all his life. He perfectly illustrates the latter half of the maxim, "Old men for counsel, young men for war." Moody has a fighting background. His early struggles fit the accepted picture of an American statesman, who must have been disciplined in youth. Moody's job was stringing telephone wires. When he had accumulated enough to put himself through the University of Texas, he climbed down from his pole, took off his spikes, and began to delve into Blackstone. It was in those days that I first knew him—a slight, unassuming, somewhat detached student.

But signally he lacks the conventional attributes and mannerisms of the typical politician. He is modest in bearing, natural in manner, and always meticulously groomed, without the flourishes of the ten-gallon cowboy hat and riding chaps that most Texas candidates affect during the period of a campaign. He never dodges or equivocates. If he disagrees with or objects to a man, he states his feeling so directly and simply that even an opponent smarting under the sting of Moody's rebuke cannot find personal grounds for disliking him.

From the beginning he has followed the broad highway of conventional political preferment. Hardly had he been admitted to the bar when his fellow-citizens made him first county attorney and then subsequently district attorney. Those offices he filled quietly and acceptably, but without prophetic display of the fierce ardor which has marked his later days. Indeed, he was politically unknown until a minor Klan incident arose. It proved to be his first real dragon fight, and it pitted him against the Invisible Empire, which at that moment was rising to the height of its power in Texas. Moody played his part on a simple stage. The words he uttered and the steps he took were known to every man. There was nothing unique in his act save that he held and honored strict notions about the sanctity of his oath to uphold the law.

Friends and neighbors of Moody, impatient with the existing due processes of law, determined one day to mete out extra-legal punishment to an individual in the community who had aroused their wrath. There was a public flogging. The floggers had been known to Moody all his life. Yet he indicted them, prosecuted them, sent them to jail.

In all the discussion throughout the State of Texas about the peril and the menace or the necessity and the virtue of the Klan, Moody was the only man who invoked existing laws and acted rather than talked. So simple a program pushed by Moody captured the imagination of the people. With gathering momentum came a cry from every section of the State for him to be a candidate for Attorney-General. He made the race almost single-handed, without money or organized friends. It was in that race that the Fergusons ran with him, brazenly appropriating to their own unstable cause the popularity of Dan Moody.

But Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson had hardly warmed their official chairs when the whispers of road and pardon graft came to the notice of the State. Charges and counter-charges, disclosures and indictments, followed in swift order; and soon Moody, perhaps against his will, was pitted against the Fergusons. Without the gift of prophecy, Jim Ferguson termed Moody a Tunney and condescendingly scorned his entrance into the political ring. He reasoned that Texas had never denied a Democratic Governor a second administration; it was part and parcel of the State's tradition. Moody, on his part, unmindful of traditions and omens, turned Mrs. Ferguson out of the Governor's mansion to the tune of a 200,000 majority. By that token, he is to-day the master of the political destinies of five million people.

Conscious of that fact and mindful of the part that the Texas delegation played in the nomination of Wilson at Baltimore, I asked Moody what he thought of Smith.

"A splendid man. Wonderful campaigner. Resourceful leader. We are interested in him down here in Texas," was Moody's rejoinder.

"What do you think of his prospects for the Democratic nomination?" was my next question.

"I doubt if he will succeed," replied Moody.

"Is the objection to him based on religious grounds or others?"

Moody looked me straight in the eye and with an even tone replied: "Religious convictions don't mean a thing in Texas. I was born and raised a Baptist, but I teach a Methodist Sunday school. My designation as Attorney-General and my subsequent election as Governor against the will of the Klan show conclusively with what impatience the people of Texas regard bigotry and religious intolerance. The Lieutenant-Governor of the State at this moment is a member of the Catholic Church. Texans generally warmly appreciate the principles and career of Senator Walsh, of Montana. . . . If Smith is defeated, it will be because of his wet views, so far as Texas is concerned."

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"Then I hardly need ask your opinion, Governor, on the prohibition question," I remarked.

"Whether you ask or not," responded Moody, "I'll tell you, I'm bone dry. Personally and politically I subscribe to the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. You can put it down that an overwhelming majority of the people of this State are likewise dry, personally and politically."

Taking another tack, I reminded the Governor of the Archer County bond cases and the momentary repudiation of their obligation by Texas. I spoke in a general way of the intangible but very real fear of Eastern and Northern capital to enter the State.

"The word of Texas is better than her bond," replied the Governor. "It was the Supreme Court of the United States that declared the bonds unconstitutional. Texans generally and the Fergusons themselves wanted to validate every bond. The delay was occasioned through Mrs. Ferguson's fear that she might be impeached if she permitted the Legislature to convene. Texas will not impeach her credit. She is an empire of virgin wealth as yet barely touched by Eastern capital. She needs funds for building. Any one seeking to develop the resources of this State will be welcome here. There are latent sources of wealth scarcely known to the investing public. Oil has been our advertiser; yet discerning economists know well enough that it represents but a fraction of our potential wealth. It is in the development of agriculture—especially its diversification—in the building of good roads, and in the generating of electrical power that I am interested. What North Carolina with amazing rapidity has done in her borders we are eager to undertake in our own. No honest dollar that enters this State will ever be disturbed or threatened. The people have been educated to the uses of corporate wealth and do not fear aggregations of capital. Their only concern is that the money shall be free of taint and that it shall seek legitimate channels of expansion. The day of the political trust breaker is gone."

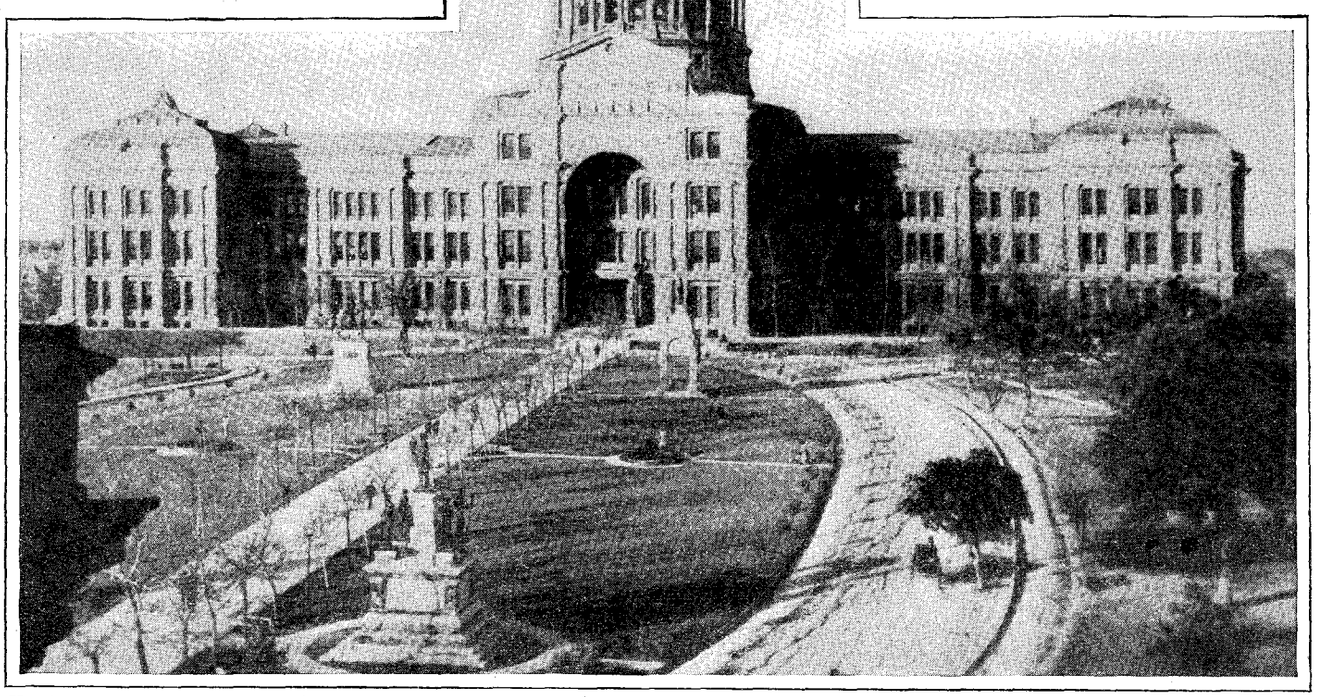
"What is your feeling toward the current movement for the abolition of direct primaries?" I queried.

"I am absolutely opposed to it. The source of all power in a democratic form of government is the people themselves. The closer the mandate springs from the people, the more potent it will prove to be. Rather than restrict the direct primary, I would strengthen and extend it."

Governor Moody's experience with primaries is intimate and extensive. By reason of the Texas system, he had to go through two to win his nomination. Their cost to him, he told me, was $9,000, which—far from the cry of bloated slush funds—seemed uncommonly reasonable to me, especially when I recalled his marriage, that made his first gubernatorial campaign a honeymoon.

Shortly after the announcement of his candidacy for Governor he was married to Mildred Paxton, a daughter of a Texas banker, herself a graduate of the University of Texas and of Columbia. She accompanied her candidate husband through the major part of his campaign and gave added emphasis to the striking difference between the Fergusons and the Moodys. Mrs. Moody, with her gracious charm and quick wit, is the finest type of modern university-trained woman. With bobbed hair and fashionable gowns, she presented a striking contrast to the matronly Mrs. Ferguson, who, though a duly elected Governor of a great State, seemed more interested in her domestic affairs than in public issues, and who delegated, in fact if not in name, her official powers to husband Jim, despite the fact that he had been impeached while previously serving as Governor of Texas.

I HAVE stated that Moody aptly fits the last half of the maxim, "Old men for counsel, young men for war." Revising the maxim with a pioneer stroke, he fits the first half, too. He, with other young men, serves as counsel. Having been elected by men of his own generation, Moody leans on them. So the new administration will afford a test of youth in the saddle.



Keystone

The State Capitol, Austin, Texas

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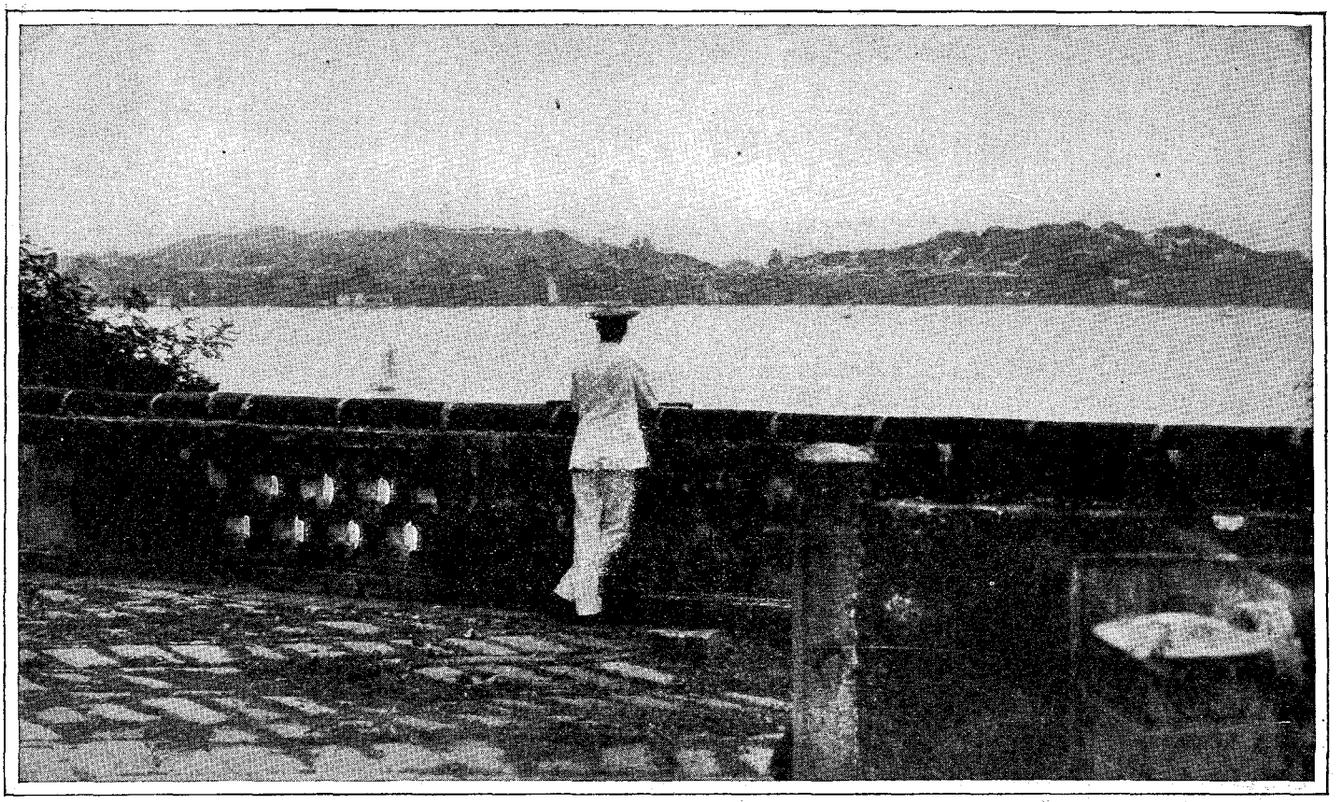

Underwood & Underwood

Looking across the river from Hankow

War in Hankow

By F. P. ELTINGE

THE first principle of warfare, as laid down in the Chinese classics, is that the most brilliant victories are those won without fighting. Judged by this standard, the Chinese are the greatest soldiers the world has ever seen. The late war in this region has, I believe, been one of the most important of the recent wars in China; and it was conducted in strict accordance with all the most approved rules for the behavior of Chinese warriors.

The cause of the war was the ambition of the Kuomintang Party, who control the country around Canton in the South, to extend their power into the Yangtze Valley. Their army, with the help of "advisers" and money from Russia, had defeated their opponents in South China. Their objective was the triple city of Hankow, Hanyang, and Wuchang, which occupies a position on the Yangtze somewhat like that of St. Louis on the Mississippi. Hankow is the commercial metropolis of the central part of China, and Hanyang, with a steel works and a large arsenal, is still more important from a military standpoint. These cities were the stronghold of Wu Pei-fu, one of the most powerful Chinese generals.

THE Cantonese drove Wu out and took Hankow. It was quite a remarkable feat for Chinese warfare, as their line of communication covered a long distance from Canton and stretched over a bad country to travel. The final turning-point was a typical transaction. A General Liu, commanding the Hanyang fort and arsenal for Wu Pei-fu, sold out to the Cantonese at the proper moment. This was the decisive "battle" of the campaign.

The war raged within easy hearing distance for about nine days. At times the firing was tremendous—artillery, machine guns, and rifles. There were, however, periods of complete rest every day when not a single shot would be fired by either side. And I suspect that these rest periods coincided rather closely with the hours for meals.

The last night of the campaign, when the Cantonese made the grand assault on Wu's lines on this side of the river, the noise was terrific. There was continuous rifle and machine-gun fire, and the artillery was almost like a real barrage. The two armies were supposed to total more than half a million men, and a hundred thousand were said to have been engaged in this battle. Next morning between fifty and sixty killed were counted on the two sides.

IT is difficult to believe this unless you realize that they shoot, not to hit anything, but to make a noise. And, of course, the faster they fire, the more noise there is. The noise is relied on for two effects:

1. To frighten the enemy; and
2. To comfort the firers.

All foreign merchant ships for seven consecutive days were fired on both entering and leaving Hankow. There was no reason for this at all, except that it gives the soldiers a lot of face to say to their comrades that they had shot at a foreign ship and had got away with it. Finally, after two American sailors had been wounded when an American destroyer was fired on as usual, she replied with a five-inch shell. After that no more shots were fired at foreign boats.

During this episode the troops must have shot volley after volley at no less than twenty foreign ships. Aside from the two wounded American sailors, the total results were one Chinese passenger killed and two wounded; which gives another illustration of Chinese marksmanship.

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Now I come to the real climax of our war.

Wu Pei-fu's troops in Wuchang, on the south bank of the river, are still holding out as this article is written, although they have been surrounded and completely cut off for more than a week. It looks like Heroic Devotion to a Lost Cause, in the language of the movie subtitles, doesn't it?

But it isn't exactly that. I hate to say it, but they have notified the Chinese Chamber of Commerce and the Native Bankers' Association of Wuchang that they will gladly lay down their arms and stop fighting if and when $600,000 silver is placed in their battle-scarred hands. As the civilians are the only ones who face any real danger to their lives or property, it is, of course, only fitting and proper that they should pay to have the war called off.

Unfortunately, the Cantonese soldiers have got wind of the impending transaction and have insisted on their share. So for the past two days there has been no fighting at all—but frequent meetings of representatives of the Chamber of Commerce, the Bankers' Association, and the two armies, all to discuss ways and means. Wu's army is still firm in its valorous stand.

The great difficulty now, I hear, is to make some arrangement to have the Northerners' share paid somewhere else—say at Shanghai; which is hard to arrange on account of the difficulties of remitting, due to the war. If they received their share in Wuchang and then surrendered, according to the agreement, the Cantonese would merely take it away from them and add it to their own share.

The negotiators are thus confronted with quite a serious dilemma. But I am confident that a solution will ultimately be found, and that the newspapers will proclaim the fall of Wuchang after a desperate resistance by the brave garrison.

Truly Gilbert and Sullivan lived in the wrong age.

NOTE.—Wuchang has surrendered to the Cantonese since this article was mailed from China.—THE EDITORS.

Underwood & Underwood

A glimpse along the Bund, Hankow

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The Circus Show

By ANN COBB

I. Son's Henry

OH, granny, put your knitting by,
And come along o' me.
Down yonder sits the bestest show
This creek 'll ever see.

Lions, an' bars, an' elephants,
An' little pranking mice.
All manner of outlandish folks,
An' everything that's nice.

One woman's bigger than Aunt Jane,
But most air peart and gay.
They'll go right in the lion's cage
An' snatch his food away.

I've fotched you in the pacing nag.
Oh, granny, please do go!
What if you died off unbeknownst,
An' never saw a show?

II. Granny

SON'S Henry worked at me so hard
To see the circus show,
I couldn't cross his little will,
An' gave my hand to go.

'Twas pine-blank like I'd pictured hit.
For all the purty bills,
I knew in reason, master shows
Would never cross these hills.

The women worried me the most.
—No, not right sinful—bad—
Their painted lips were set in smiles,
Eh law! their eyes were sad.

I'd like to take them homealong
To stay a while, an' see
Life on this good ole common earth
Like hit was aimed to be.

Not full of franzied, lonlie beasts,
An' humans, fashioned so
They're sport to young, unthoughted lads,
Naught to themselves but woe.

The Last of the Navy of the Czar

By JOHN B. EWALD

A TINY inlet bearing the name of Typhoon Bay reaches out from the larger expanse of the Bay of Subic on the southwestern coast of the island of Luzon. In the middle of Typhoon Bay there is a little ship. It is black and silent. It flies no colors. There is no smoke coming from the single stack and no life is seen on its decks. It might be overlooked but for the fact that the black hull stands out against the light green of the banana trees and cocoanut palms on shore.

One led by curiosity to approach the ship would look in vain for any means of identifying her nationality or her mission. There is no name carved on the stern and no lettered life-buoys hang from her rails. The forward part of the ship rises so high out of the water that the keel is exposed to view for a distance of fifteen feet back from the bow. On the forecastle, and occupying the most of it, is a big water-tank. The high bow and the forward water-tank are the characteristics of vessels used as ice-breakers. In fact, she is an ice-breaker. But why is she here in the tropics, nearly three thousand miles from the nearest ice which obstructs navigation? There is a thin line of smoke issuing from a small pipe thrust through the upper works on the starboard side. Surely there must be some one aboard who can answer the question.

AFTER the collapse of the White Russian forces in Siberia the motley remnants of the army traveled eastward to Vladivostok. The men could not be furnished with the proper supplies, and were therefore no longer able to offer effective resistance to the advance of the Reds.

Although the White Russian Government was nominally in control of affairs in Vladivostok, the Japanese actually occupied the city. The Japanese gave some help to the shattered portions of the White Army which had retreated and were then resting in the city, many of the men with their families. But it soon became evident that the Reds would not be kept long outside of Vladivostok.

Among the leaders of the remainder of this once powerful force were some who determined to accept almost any alternative rather than live or die—which latter was most likely—in Siberia under the Soviet. The cruel deaths of such of the loyal Russians as had fallen into the hands of the Bolsheviki left no doubt in the minds of the small colony as to what would happen to them, their wives and children, if the Reds took the city. It was determined, consequently, to organize an expedition for the escape of the force by sea.

Funds for the maintenance of the White Government, then under General Dietrichs, were raised by the sale of concessions, and some of this money was turned over to Rear-Admiral Starck for the proposed expedition. This enterprising officer, having added $75,000 gold to his treasury by the sale of the Manchuria, one of the oldest of the ships at

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his disposal, proceeded to fit out his fleet. In a surprisingly short time he had twenty-two ships equipped to carry the refugees. Many of the Russians, after looking at the varied assortment of small vessels, decided that they might just as well perish at the hands of the Reds as to be drowned at sea.

When all else was ready, coal was commandeered from the railroad, and the fleet, having embarked about 5,500 men, women, and children, sailed on October 22, 1922, for Poisset, a small town about a hundred miles down the Siberian coast from Vladivostok. A few days later the ships got under way, and next anchored off the Korean town of Kenseng, a little more than a hundred miles from Poisset Harbor.

THE stay in Kenseng was prolonged on account of sickness, which already had broken out among the refugees. The conditions became so bad that Admiral Starck asked the authorities for quarters ashore in which the sick might be properly cared for. The Japanese assigned for that purpose the only available facilities. These consisted of a number of abandoned barracks in all stages of ruin and decay. They were simply four walls and a roof, without furniture of any kind and with no means of providing heat. The weather had turned bitterly cold, and in the crowded condition of most of the ships women and little children were huddled together on the open decks.

Any kind of shelter was better than this, and so the sick were moved to the barracks ashore, where during November more than two hundred died.

Finally, to alleviate the suffering and to save the entire expedition from early disaster, it was determined to move farther south, and the squadron dropped down the Korean coast to the important railroad terminal city of Fusan. It had been thought that this port would be the final destination, as the ships had not been fitted out for a protracted cruise, and it was questionable whether some of the smaller ships would be equal to a long trip on the open sea. But Admiral Starck was told by the Japanese that he could not stay in Korea, and that he had best leave quickly, as the recognition of the Soviet Government by Japan might be expected at any time. In that event, it would be necessary to intern the ships if they were still in Korean waters. He would remain at his own risk.

This unexpected turn of affairs made the outlook gloomy indeed. A conference of the staff was called, and other possible destinations were considered. There were some who advocated going to Japan, but this plan was discarded on account of the political situation in Japan and of the likelihood of finding there the same condition as they had already been told existed in Korea. A return to Vladivostok was out of the question. Their course must therefore lay to the south and to some port on the China coast. Shanghai was finally decided upon as a place which was most likely to be friendly.

Some of the ships were sold to raise the necessary funds, and several had to be left behind, as they were not sufficiently seaworthy to make the trip. The passengers on these vessels had to be left to their fate. On December 15 the fleet, now reduced to thirteen ships, left Fusan for Shanghai.

Two days out of Fusan rough weather was encountered. The little ships, none of them over fourteen hundred tons, labored along, their decks awash and their freight of miserable refugees crowded into the small spaces which afforded little shelter from the wet and the biting cold of the severe northern winter. Not far from the coast of the Shantung peninsula the fleet was scattered, but after fighting on for ten days the squadron came to anchor on Christmas Day at Woosung, near the mouth of the Yangtze River and the gateway to Shanghai.

Thirteen ships had sailed from Fusan, though only twelve arrived at Woosung. The Lieutenant Didimoff, of 650 tons, was missing. Several ships were despatched after a short interval to search for her. These vessels scoured the waters of the Yellow Sea, but could find no trace of the missing ship. She has not since been seen or heard from, so it is evident that she went down in the storm and carried with her the three hundred souls on board.

This terrible tragedy cast a gloom over the squadron, but it was dissipated somewhat by the hope of ending all the troubles at Shanghai, where, it was expected, employment could be found for those on board.

Admiral Starck went up the river to the city for the purpose of making arrangements for the debarkation of his people. Steam was raised in the boilers, the few belongings of the refugees gathered together, and the children got ready for landing. Shanghai was only fifteen miles away. When Admiral Starck returned, the news spread quickly through the fleet that permission to land at Shanghai had been denied. Nor would he be permitted to moor his ships in the river. Misfortune followed on misfortune, and despair was written on the faces of these people whose pilgrimage to safety was also an expression of loyalty to the country they loved. On hearing the news one overwrought man jumped overboard and was lost in the swift river.

At this stage another council was called, and the Philippines lay off in the far distance as a last hope. The Philippines, however, were out of reach, as the fuel was almost exhausted and there was little money with which to procure any. They could not lie forever at Woosung nor could they land. The food supply, never plentiful, had now become so diminished as to necessitate the most careful rationing. It was a matter of life and death. Yet into this misery a child was born, and later on five new names were similarly added to the rolls.

AFTER days of discussion, the authorities at Shanghai agreed to supply the ships with coal and a quantity of provisions to enable them to reach some other port. These stores were received on board, and on January 10, 1923, the squadron got up anchor and stood out to sea with their course laid for Manila.

Though the weather was still cold, the sea was calm, and good spirits revived with every mile made to the south. Great things were expected of the Philippines and future plans were discussed with hope. Unfortunately, the fair prospects were short-lived. It was the winter monsoon season, during which there is little change in the barometer readings, and a light wind from the northeast had increased the speed down the China coast. The steady wind gradually increased in force, the clouds came racing down from the north, and the fleet soon found itself in a storm which threatened the destruction of the smaller ships. The storm's greatest force was reached when the course was laid through the Pescadores Channel, on the west side of the Japanese island colony of Formosa. This large island on one side and the China mainland on the other form a funnel in which the north winds reach their greatest intensity. Farther to the south the wind dies down in the lee of the island.

For a day it was doubtful whether the ships would be able to rise from the pounding masses of green seas. The hope which sustained the refugees on their departure from Shanghai could not blind them to their imminent peril now. The fears which had been entertained by the officers for the safety of the expedition seemed justified when the little trawler Ijax, of 420 tons, was seen to be in distress. She had apparently shipped a considerable quantity of water and, with reduced speed, was rolling sluggishly with an ominous list to port. One of the other ships drew over toward her, whereupon she heeled over and sank. Nine of the men who had managed to

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get clear of the sinking ship were picked up after a display of that type of heroism one expects at sea. The others on the Ijax went down with her.

It would be difficult to picture affairs on board the squadron in a worse light than they actually were, so there is little room for exaggeration. These ships were old and had for many years before the organization of the expedition been subjected to hard usage. The Ylia Murometz was of 580 tons, the Pariss of 335 tons, and the Farvatel of 250 tons. The complement of lifeboats could carry less than a fifth of the individuals on board. It is fortunate that many of the men, unused to the sea, could not interpret the conditions, and their bearing, misunderstood as good evidence of security, served to allay in a measure the fears of the women. The experienced seamen were inherently not given to panic.

The eleven remaining ships, having proceeded on their way after the loss of the Ijax, soon came into the lee of the island of Formosa and, for the time being, were safe. Through the loss of two ships, the sale of others, thus reducing the available space, and the inroads made by death from sickness, the force of 5,500 refugees had by this time been reduced to 711 souls. Among this number were forty-five families, many of whom had suffered the loss of one or more of their members since leaving Vladivostok.

On the morning of January 19, 1923, the mountains on Luzon, the largest of the northern islands of the Philippines, came in sight, and that afternoon the Baikal, flagship, and two other vessels of the fleet dropped anchor in Bolinao Harbor, about two hundred miles north of Manila. They were followed the next morning by two of the other ships, and on the 22d two more arrived. This left four vessels unaccounted for, but, while some anxiety for their safety was felt, it was thought that they would soon put in an appearance. The storm had scattered the squadron somewhat, but since the four missing ships were last seen the weather had been good.

In the early morning of the 24th the ships at Bolinao got under way and steamed down the coast to Mariveles, a small town at the entrance of Manila Bay and several miles northwest from the island defenses of Corregidor. There was great joy in the fleet when, several days later, the other four vessels steamed into Mariveles and came to anchor.

The conditions on board the ships when they arrived at Mariveles were pitiful. Many of the women and children, accustomed to the comforts and even luxuries of life, were reduced by lack of proper food to grim specters, pathetic, pinched-faced, unsmiling. Their clothing was bedraggled and moldy from the wet. For many days the fresh water had been reserved only for drinking. On every ship the sick list was growing steadily, and some cases were critical.

Admiral Starck made a dignified appeal for help to the Governor-General of the Philippines. General Wood, as usual responding with sympathy to distress of any kind, directed the furnishing of medical attention and supplies from the dispensary at Mariveles and the transfer of the critical cases to the civil hospitals in Manila. All the ships were thoroughly fumigated by the Philippine Health Service.

The danger of the loss of the whole expedition through lack of fuel may be understood from the fact that one of the ships sent to procure food from Manila, only thirty miles away, had to take the coal from the other ships to make the trip.

At this time the Philippine Headquarters of the American Red Cross took a hand in the affairs of the refugees and supplied them with food, clothing, and other necessaries. At the request of the Governor-General, the Navy Department, through the commandant of the Sixteenth Naval District, made available for the occupancy of the refugees thirty-three small buildings at the old ammunition depot near Olongapo, at the head of Subic Bay. The naval station at Cavite supplied enough coal for the trip to the ammunition depot, and at 1:40 P.M. on March 22 the battered squadron steamed past the big floating dry dock Dewey and dropped anchor in the bay beyond, just five months after leaving Vladivostok.

Thus the only remnant of the Czar's once powerful navy made its last voyage under the standard of Peter the Great.

The United States Navy did everything possible to care for the refugees, but, unfortunately, it had no funds which could be used for that purpose. The Red Cross bore a large part of the expense and set about getting employment for those who were able to work. Ninety men were sent to Mindinao to work on the hemp plantations, while others obtained work in Manila and the adjoining provinces.

After some negotiations the privilege of passage to the United States was accorded to as many as could be entered under the immigration laws. Accordingly about five hundred embarked on the United States Army transport Merritt and on May 24 sailed for San Francisco. To furnish the money needed the trawler Farvatel was sold for 12,500 pesos ($6,250). After the sailing of the Merritt the camp at the ammunition depot was closed and the occupants to the number of ninety-seven hired quarters at their own expense in the *barrio* of Olongapo.

Other ships were sold from time to time and the funds distributed to the members of the expedition even as far away as the United States. Admiral Starck went to Paris, to be near the Grand Duke Nicholas, but his reverses have persisted, and he is now employed there as a chauffeur in a taxicab service.

In April, 1926, all that was left of the expedition of twenty-two ships was the little ice breaker Baikal, and of the 5,500 passengers, only three—Commodore Pyshnoff, Lieutenant Boory, and one man.

This story was told the other day by Commodore Pyshnoff through his interpreter, Lieutenant Boory, as we sat at his table on the Baikal in Typhoon Bay.

The Commodore is a man of striking appearance. His age is a little under fifty years, though his head is bald except for a small fringe at the back, which, being carefully shaved, gives the impression of complete baldness. His eyes, a glittering gray, with now and then a tell-tale twinkle of good humor, are shadowed by heavy yellow brows. His nose is thin and sensitive, and his *mustachios* reach out to tremendous lengths over lips pressed into a thin line. At least that is all that can be seen through the yellow beard which covers the lower part of his face. The mustache and beard remind one of the pictures of Captain John Smith seen in the school histories.

The Commodore went forward with his narrative like a man who has had the events burned into his brain. Occasionally his eyes took on a look of introspection and sadness, but quickly they flashed out again as "one who pursues with eagerness the phantoms of hope." All of his comrades are gone except the young Lieutenant Boory, and his hope is to be permitted to go to the United States, to which country his expressions of gratitude are full and sincere. He has waited for three years to be included in the immigration quota. Until that time comes he seems content to wait here in his little ship, the last officer of the royal Russian navy to hold command.

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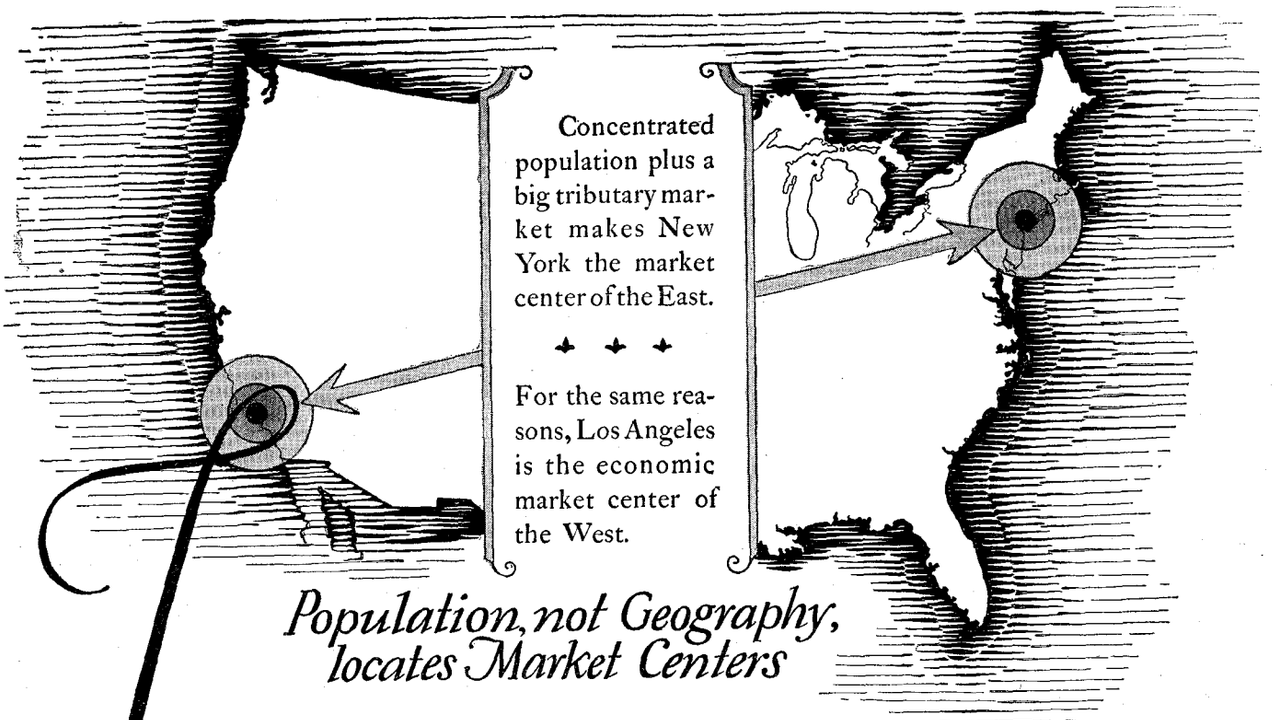
Springfield, Missouri



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✦ ✦ ✦

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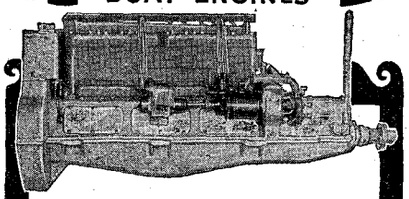

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Rolls and Discs

By LAWRENCE JACOB ABBOTT

A NUMBER of days ago I clipped from the radio page of a newspaper the following notice:

TO-MORROW'S SYMPHONY

The outstanding selection to be played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitsky conducting, to-morrow night is the Suite from "L'Oiseau de Feu" (The Firebird), by Stravinsky. WJZ, WGY, WRC and WBZ will broadcast at 8:15 o'clock. The program also includes Elgar's "Cockaigne" overture and the Symphony No. 7, op. 105, by Sibelius.

An attractive program it was. Not the usual nightly radio program, to be sure, but the type of radio concert that is growing more and more frequent. Can the phonograph match it? Not in this country, at least. There is in existence a recording of "The Firebird" suite, made by a skeleton Philadelphia Orchestra before electrical recording methods were introduced. Elgar is associated in the minds of the phonograph public only with "Pomp and Circumstance," and Sibelius only with "Finlandia."

Another musical advance in radio comes with Walter Damrosch's weekly symphony concerts. "If I could live long enough to continue this work for the next three years," he says, "I should guarantee to revolutionize the musical tastes of the American people."

The phonograph companies have been doing some fine things, too. They should make such progress in broadcasting an incentive to spur them on to things still finer.

Phonograph Records

NUTCRACKER SUITE (Tschaikowsky). Played by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Leopold Stokowski. In six parts, on three records. Victor.

Call it "a fascinating trifle," if you will. All the same, Tschaikowsky's "Nutcracker Suite" is a masterpiece of its kind; like Saint-Saëns's "Carnival of Animals," it has little that is serious, but much that is delightful. The instrumentation alone—light, crisp, and dainty, yet with a brilliance possible only to a large orchestra—makes it a thing to charm the ears. Such a work is suited precisely to Stokowski's genius. No one better than he can make a trifle sound like a masterpiece. In the recording made under his direction the Philadelphia Orchestra is in top form, displaying military precision and superb attention to detail.

Probably the most interesting feature of this recording is the fact that it was made on the stage of Philadelphia's famous old Academy of Music. Instead of the dead, thoroughly dampened tone that is characteristic of studio recordings there is a discernible echo. The music does not seem to come from a small box. It appears to come, rather, through a door—from a large room somewhere beyond. It is three-dimensional music. This effect—a great help in making the music seem more realistic—is noticeable in other new orchestral recordings, but not to such a marked degree as in this suite. Aside from overshrillness in some of the high-register woodwind passages, the recording is all one could ask for.

CONCERTO FOR VIOLONCELLO (Saint-Saëns). Played by W. H. Squire and the Hallé Orchestra, conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty. In six parts, on three records. Columbia.

If you were to hear a concert performance of Saint-Saëns's 'cello concerto, you would probably be unable to hear the soloist's performance with as great clearness and as fine shading as you can by playing these discs on a new-type phonograph. Every breath of tone that comes from Mr. Squire's 'cello stands out as if the instrument were actually in the room. In view of such excellence in reproduction, a serious fault must be looked on in a spirit of forgiveness. The orchestral part of the concerto is subdued into a mere accompaniment. While this destruction of balance lessens the chance for confusion on the part of the listener, yet it also makes it harder for him to appreciate the proper relation of soloist to orchestra. The music itself would be worth hearing under far less favorable conditions. The 'cello part is a constant sea of melody; the themes are charming throughout.

"1812" OVERTURE SOLENELLE (Tschaikowsky). Played by the Royal Opera Orchestra, Covent Garden, conducted by Eugene Goossens. In three parts, on two records, the fourth part being Tschaikowsky's "Waltz from Eugen Onégin." Victor.

Coming close on the heels of Sir Henry Wood's performance of the "1812" Overture, issued by Columbia, this recording by Goossens creates the opportunity for an interesting comparison. On the whole, Goossens presents the more satisfactory interpretation—though he is by no means perfect. In his treatment of the opening of the overture (characterized by repeated chords in the style of Russian church chanting) he falls below the effectiveness of Sir Henry's interpretation; but when the music becomes frenzied and tinged with the smell of powder he leaves the sluggish New Queen's Hall Orchestra far behind. When it comes to recording, that is another matter again. The Columbia version is a remarkable piece of work; it is orchestral music with all the clarity and fullness of chamber music recording. So it is no serious reflection on the Goossens performance to say that its recording is inferior.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR OVERTURE (*Nicolai*); **DANSE MACABRE** (*Saint-Saëns*). Played by the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Nikolai Sokoloff. Brunswick.

Nicolai's cheerful, tuneful overture makes pleasant musical entertainment. The Cleveland Orchestra rides through the score with a swing that makes it thoroughly enjoyable. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said for its companion number. After Leopold Stokowski's superb performance of the "Danse Macabre," Sokoloff's interpretation lacks eloquence and conviction. Where Stokowski's performance is deliberate, his is hurried; where Stokowski gives the impression of repressed excitement, he weakens his case by exaggeration. The recording, too, is not equal to that of the Philadelphia Orchestra's performance. While good balance and "room tone" are agreeably present, the quality of tone of the *fortissimos* is veiled and indistinct.

VILLANELLE (Pianelli-Salmond); **SERENADE ESPAGNOLE** (Glazounow). Played by Felix Salmond. Columbia.

A well-chosen pair of violoncello pieces. Salmond's playing is as delightful as ever. The surging rhythm of the Spanish number forms an excellent contrast to the Villanelle. The clearness of the piano accom-

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paniment is worthy of attention, especially toward the end of the Villanelle.

WALKÜRE—Siegmund's Love Song; MEISTERSINGER—Walter's Prize Song (Wagner). Sung by Lauritz Melchior. Brunswick.

These two Wagnerian excerpts are capably sung. What the recordings lack is an adequate emphasis on the orchestral background. The tenor sings in front of the orchestra instead of through it. More with Wagner than with any other operatic composer this is a grave fault. One way to give the orchestra more prominence would be to feature a famous orchestra and conductor as well as singer.

INVITATION TO THE WALTZ (Weber). Played by Alfred Cortot. In two parts, on one record. Victor.

Beside our modern fox-trots and black bottoms, Weber's old war horse sounds a trifle thin. It portrays well the daintiness and elegance of its day, and this feeling is appropriately carried out in Cortot's playing. As piano recording it is practically on a par with Rachmaninoff's "Dance of the Gnomes."

PRINCESITA (Padilla); **GRANADINAS** (Barrera). Sung by Tito Schipa. Victor.

Two unusually interesting light Spanish songs, sung to perfection.

SO I CAN WRITE MY NAME; STAND STEADY (Arr. Jessye). Sung by the Dixie Jubilee Quintet. Brunswick.

This is real colored music. The voices do not sound highly trained, but have that mellow Negro quality. The spirituals have strong rhythms with words that fall nearly into the category of "patter." The songs reproduce as clearly and strongly as the original performance must have sounded.

Piano Rolls

PETROUCHKA—Danse Russe (Stravinsky). Played by Paul Doguereau. Ampico.

As an entirety, the score of "Petrouchka" may justly be accused of lack of coherence. But a fragment such as this Russian dance cannot fail to rivet the listener's attention. Boisterous as only Russian music can be, it plunges through its short course of sharp rhythms and dissonances. Mr. Doguereau's interpretation seems inevitably correct.

ETUDE, Op. 25, No. 12 (Chopin). Played by Alfred Cortot. Duo-Art.

Never was Chopin more sonorous than in this *étude*. Cortot makes of it a rolling ocean of sound.

DANSE, E MAJOR (Debussy). Played by Dai Buell. Ampico.

In this dance the composer combines with his illusive, sugary harmonies all the rhythm of a whirling dervish. The pianist shows herself sensitive to the delicacy of the music—but not afraid of it.

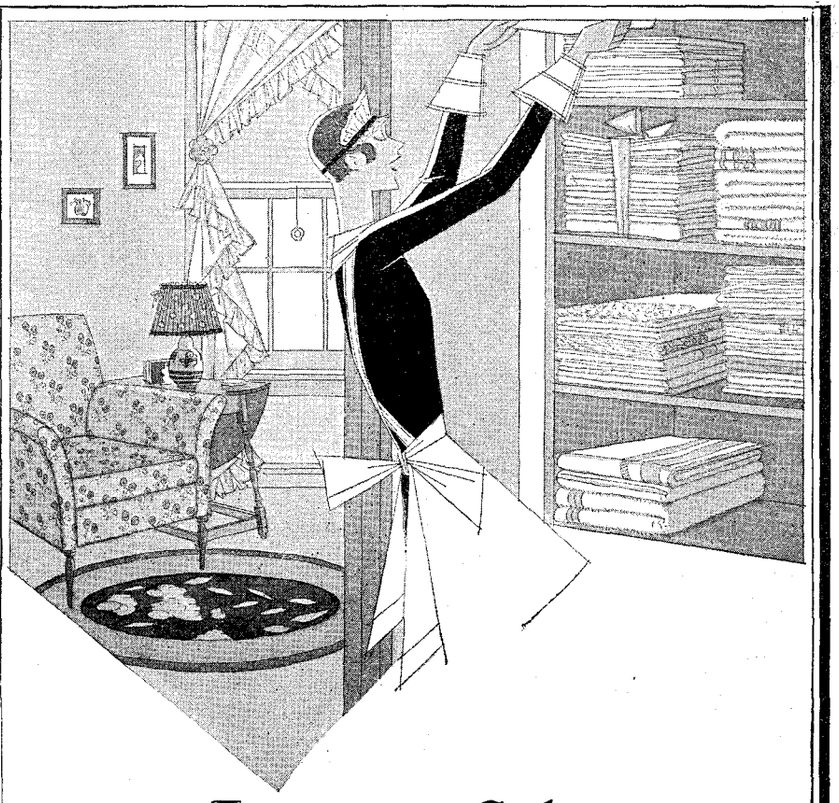
Contributors' Gallery

ROBERT M. FIELD, though a native of Texas and a resident there for several years, is now a resident of New York City. A graduate of the University of Texas and a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, he is now counsel for the New York Life Insurance Company.

THE article "War in Hankow" was sent to us from China, where the author is now employed. The disturbed conditions there cause him to request that his real name be withheld and that his contribution be printed under a pseudonym, in order to protect himself and the company for which he is working from any possible embarrassment.

ADACHI KINNOSUKE is a Japanese journalist who has lived in the United States for some years. He is a frequent contributor to newspapers and magazines and has published a book on Manchuria.

JOHN B. EWALD sent us "The Last of the Navy of the Czar" from China. He is a Commander in the United States Navy and is on the U. S. S. Huron.



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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

The Thirteenth Britannica

By W. J. GHENT

WHAT many thousands of persons would much like to know is the exact relation of this new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica[1] to the eleventh edition, published in 29 volumes in 1910. Owning the former edition, they crave light on the degree to which it has been supplanted by its successor. It cannot be said that the information given in the prefatory note or in the elaborate prospectus is sufficiently explicit. Even on the title-page (to which not one in a hundred will turn before making his purchase) the reference to the eleventh edition is somewhat clouded with the words "latest standard edition."

As a matter of fact (and the reviewer is certain of a most stern rebuke if in the slightest degree he errs in this matter), the owner of the 1910 edition needs only three volumes. The pages of the 1910 edition, index and all, remain intact. The three volumes of the 1922 edition, known as the twelfth, have apparently been scrapped. Three new volumes have been added. In the third of these volumes (added to the index volume in some of the "forms" of this new edition) are a supplementary index, a chronological table of events from January 1, 1911, to July 31, 1926, and a supplementary table of articles classified by subject. All this is the thirteenth edition. These three supplementary volumes, though having a quality distinctively their own, maintain in general the high character of their predecessors.

What one first notes in comparing the new volumes with the old is the break-up of the larger subjects into their components; and what one next notes is the more individual and opinionated tone of most of the articles. The division of general subjects entails a "scatteration" of closely related parts, and, since many of these overlap one another, there is considerable duplication. The plan makes for facility in finding the specific thing one wants at a particular moment, though it must prove somewhat annoying to the reader who, with plenty of time at his disposal, wants the whole of a subject spread out before him. In either case it compels a more assiduous use of the classification table.

The individualism of the articles results in what is to some degree a transformation of the work. The most widely known names have been sought, and to each of the contributing "headliners" has evidently been given a free rein. There is thus a frequent clash of opinion. In the old volumes one usually found what could be safely regarded as a consensus of impartial scholarship; in the new one finds personal assertion. Expressions on controverted points in the earlier volumes read like the decisions of a board of review; in the latest volumes like the counterplay of a symposium.

The reader has thus a wider range of choice. If the conclusion that he finds on one page does not satisfy him, he can seek another authority elsewhere. Was the collapse of Germany, for instance, due to a "stab in the back"—that is, to internal revolution? No, says General F. B. Maurice; it was due to military defeat. Yes, says G. D. H. Cole, the Guild Socialist; the Bolshevik Revolution "certainly helped to undermine the war morale of the German people." The detailed account of the Russo-Polish campaign of 1920 by General Sir W. E. Ironside will prove highly satisfactory to those whose sympathies are with Poland; the partisans of Soviet Russia may turn for comfort to the briefer and more sketchy account by Arthur Ransome. Whatever point in history and public affairs the reader pursues, he is fairly certain to find divergent attitudes and conflicting statements.

The stress laid upon names does not always yield the best results. It is of course eminently proper that Sigmund Freud should tell us about psychoanalysis, John B. Watson about behaviorism, and perhaps even Henry L. Mencken about Americanisms. It is not so fitting that George Bernard Shaw should tell us about Socialism. His article is brilliant—it could hardly be else than that—but its theme is not so much Socialism as Shavianism. Shaw is an individualist who fondly believes himself a Communist and who calls himself a Socialist. The statement with which he begins his article is a definition of extreme Communism and could not be accepted by any representative Socialist anywhere. Sidney Webb, whose name is not so widely trumpeted about the world, could have written a more authoritative and informing paper to be the main article on this subject.

Biography in the new volumes tends to break away from the measured restraint of the old, and in some cases it takes on the fervent note of eulogy. Here there has evidently been a less eager seeking of well-advertised names, but instead a choice of contributors who can provide the personal touch. Kitchener, at the hands of his former private secretary, Sir George C. A. Arthur, and Foch, at the hands of Émile Madelin, become supermen, with few of the faults or limitations of the human species; and Lenine, at the hands of Leon Trotsky, is pushed up into Valhalla.

In the scientific and technical articles there is no observable change of character. The old trouble—perhaps an inescapable one—persists. For the most part these articles are written for the satisfaction of specialists, who presumably do not need the material given, and, being so written, are quite incomprehensible to the general reader. There may conceivably be some happy compromise wherein the needs of the latter will be met without sacrificing the standards imposed by the former, but so far it has evidently not been discovered.

Any reader is likely to detect omissions of what he thinks ought to have been included. Two omissions which seem important to the present reader are the subjects of revisionism and war criminals. The general subject of atrocities might well have received a thorough examination. So far as a patient search reveals, there is next to nothing. Captain Tuck, in his account of the submarine campaign, mentions with indignation the sinking of the hospital ship Llandovery Castle; and Harold Temperley, in the article on the Treaty of Versailles, dismisses the Leipzig trials in less than a dozen lines. Though the steps leading to the war are treated at great length in several articles, revisionism as a creed and a movement has no separate treatment.

The innovations now adopted invite special notice, and therefore perhaps receive disproportionate emphasis in this review. They will no doubt be approved by some readers, as they are disapproved by others. It thus seems unlikely that the new volumes, though fashioned to a model so different from that of their

[1] The Encyclopædia Britannica. Thirteenth edition. 32 vols. (single) or 16 vols. (double). The Encyclopædia Britannica, Inc., New York.

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"contemporary ancestors," the other volumes of the set, will imperil the rank of the encyclopædia as a whole. The Britannica has become and remains a necessary part of the equipment of every well-informed person.

Fiction

THE ORPHAN ANGEL. By Elinor Wylie. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $2.50.

Miss Elinor Wylie dedicates "The Orphan Angel" "To Those Whom It May Concern," and it concerns nobody who will not begin with a frank readiness to let his imagination run with hers, to play the game, to accept the fantasy for its own sake, and to confront without blinking its wildest audacities. For this certainly is no sober-sided historical-biographical novel conditioned and limited by known facts; neither is it a romance in which facts are presented, but so pulled and pushed and persuaded into novel and picturesque aspects that the hero passes from the modest illumination of truth into a realm of roseate glamour or empurpled and majestic gloom. Rather, the author aspires to keep her hero true, and gayly start the facts all over again in a new environment.

Miss Wylie, at her own good pleasure, has snatched alive from the engulfing waves of the Mediterranean storm of July 8, 1822, a poet whom she identifies in every way except by name; she has him pulled unconscious aboard a Yankee clipper bound to Boston from Leghorn with spices, olive oil, and wine; she brings him to America and takes him across the continent, encountering by the way assorted types of the period and adventures in rich variety. Her imagination once let loose gives the reader a breath-taking literary run for his money; it does not even balk at capture by whooping Comanches and the narrowest of escapes from death at the stake. The fantastic chronicle is written in a spirit at once interpretative and appreciative, mocking and playful; she idolizes, loves, and laughs at her Orphan Angel, and prances provocatively around his poetic form, even while doing her best to suggest the higher aspects of his nature. To criticise the major impossibilities of such obvious extravaganza would be stupid; the only question, in the slang phrase that inevitably rises to mind is, Can she get away with it? The episodes, even the wildest, may pass unchallenged; what matters, what determines the quality of the achievement, is the rendering of personality and atmosphere, the right blend of power, grace, and humor in presentation, the sufficiently characteristic reaction of her extraordinary hero to extraordinarily chosen circumstances.

It would have been a miracle if she had succeeded, and she has not achieved the miraculous. But if her book is to be called a failure, it must be added that it is a gallant and amusing one.

SEA WHISPERS. By W. W. Jacobs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

For the best part of thirty years Mr. Jacobs has been detailing the lives and adventures of Sam Small, Peter Russett, Ginger Dick, the Night Watchman, and sundry barge captains, pub landlords, and others to the rapturous enjoyment of a small but delighted public. It is seven years now since the last of these books appeared, high time indeed to celebrate The Sailor's Return, as the old prints have it. The faithful will be glad to know that the passing years have not changed their beloved characters a trifle. Their capacity for 'arf pints is undiminished, and their plans for the acquisition of one another's small change are, if anything, more elaborate than ever.

So much for the humorous stories. But there was a time, you will remember, when Jacobs stopped being funny long enough to write "The Monkey's Paw," one of the finest and most macabre stories in the language. There is nothing to equal it in this volume, and it is not to be expected that there would be, but in "His Brother's Keeper" and "The Interruption" he comes close enough for all practical purposes. Practically ambidextrous, this fellow is; able to produce a good hearty chuckle or an attack of goose-flesh with either hand. W. W. Jacobs has not yet, it appears, been discovered by the *intelligentsia*, though Christopher Morley frequently threatens to perform that ceremony. In the meantime "Sea Whispers" costs but two dollars, and makes fine reading aloud after dinner.

THE LAIRD. By Winifred Duke. John Long, Ltd., London. 7s. 6d.

In 1765 the low, two-storied, "white-harled" house of Eastmiln, on the braes of Angus, in Scotland, was the scene of one of the most sensational crimes ever to reach the calendar of any court. Around the poisoning of Thomas Ogilvie, Laird of Eastmiln, Miss Duke has woven an absorbing novel. Katharine Nairn, the young bride of the Laird, and his brother Patrick Ogilvie were tried and convicted of incest and of murdering Katharine's husband. The pitiful story of their light love, the wretched death of the Laird, the tragic end of Patrick Ogilvie on the gallows, and Katharine Nairn's escape from prison stir the imagination. But more engrossing than the events themselves is the sinister figure of the woman who contrived them all for the sake of her lover, Alexander Ogilvie. Anne Clark is a perfect example of the deadly "female of the species." She brought murder and sudden death to the quiet household at Eastmiln. Miss Duke has done a brilliant piece of work in her characterization of this problematical woman, who was, indeed, "a woman dipped in blood." Anne Clark's realization, in her final scene with Alexander Ogilvie, that her labor is lost, is ironically retributive. The author of "The Laird" has told a great story greatly. Except for the solution of the puzzle, which is her own, the tale adheres closely to the facts in the account of the "Trial of Katharine Nairn," which has lately been edited by William Roughead. To read one is to desire to read the other.

HEIR TO KINGS. By Winifred Duke. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2.50.

The same grim country that bred Katharine Nairn saw the passing of a brighter and far more fateful figure. If a new star shone at the birth of the Pretender's eldest son, as was said, truly it was a star of ill omen. History has no more romantic personage than Bonnie Prince Charlie. Successful in his attempt to regain the throne of England for the Stuarts, he might have made a king little noted nor long remembered; beaten in his wild venture, he is forever enshrined in the glory of a great cause gallantly lost.

The complex character of the popular prince is brilliantly portrayed in this interesting novel. Charming and selfish, obstinate and mulishly stubborn, "nae prince was born wha shall win mair love." Brought up to expect England to rise and reinstate a Stuart prince, Charles sailed from France and landed in Scotland with high hopes, to gather those clans faithful to the Stuarts and invade England. The taking of Edinburgh by his Scottish army, followed by the triumph of Prestonpans, the fall of Carlisle, and the dash into the heart of England, was the glorious start of "an epic tale of hardships, courage, and indomitable endurance," ending in heart-breaking retreat, and the calvary of Culloden.

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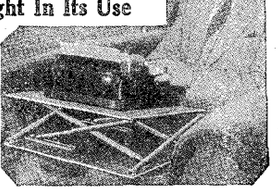

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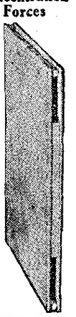

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of the strength of that great myth, "the divine right of kings." Lord George Murray, who gave unwavering loyalty to a stupid boy who flouted his wise counsel at every turn, is a memorable figure. To the whole of his gallant army their prince was their honor, and honor was their life. He charmed men and women alike to their destruction. During a deliberate delay at Bannockburn, Clementina Walkinshaw learned in bitterness that "the woman who is fool enough to love a Stuart loses her fame in this world, and mayhap her soul in the next."

The haggard, broken Charles dragged from the field of Culloden was a pitiable shadow of Bonnie Prince Charlie, and yet so greatly was he loved that "if he came again to-day he would find the same loyalty awaiting him amongst the children of men." Art and history meet in "Heir to Kings;" the result is noteworthy.

Biography

JOHN WANAMAKER. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers, New York. $10.

Three biographies have been written of John Wanamaker, the Philadelphia and New York merchant, since his demise. This, the third, may be called official. The two handsome volumes really form a compendium for the guidance of men who would keep store successfully. "He made money for seventy years," is Mr. Gibbons's slogan. The book tells how "he" did it.

Mr. Wanamaker was a Pennsylvania Dutchman by descent, with a bit of Scotch and French Huguenot in his composition. The Scotch may have given him the qualities that made him the master merchant he was, the Dutch his indefatigability, and the Huguenot strain his strong religious tendencies.

Much space is given to the merchant's rise in trade, to his theories and practices, which should interest the reader with a commercial bent. Of wider appeal are the chapters dealing with his public life and his efforts to break down the invincible iniquities of Pennsylvania politics in a long and bitter assault on Matthew Stanley Quay. This and his placement as Postmaster-General in President Harrison's Cabinet were credited to the vanity of a shopkeeper, and he could obtain no political favor in his State. The revival of the Philadelphia "North American" by his son, Thomas B. Wanamaker, was the most stirring episode of the attempt and resulted in the election of one honest Mayor by Philadelphia—Rudolph Brandenburgh. Whether vain or not, Mr. Wanamaker was an excellent Postmaster-General. A deal of space is given to exalting his power for good, his Bethany Sunday school, and his part in Republican politics.

By his methods in Philadelphia he acquired strength for the bold essay of taking over the wrecked A. T. Stewart store in New York. This almost ruined him, but he overcame all obstacles with energy, enterprise, and resolution. It was the kind of success America admires, and he made it all his own. He had no instinct for sharing either fame or fortune with others. Busy as he was, he traveled much, and to the last of his eighty-four years of life remained masterful and active.

Stress is laid by Mr. Gibbons on Mr. Wanamaker's refusal to advertise in Sunday newspapers, to which he added the virtue of not reading them. This is credited to a pious regard for the sanctity of the Sabbath. Copious use of Monday morning papers in advertising wares at prices below those announced by rivals on the day of rest somewhat alleviated the suffering caused by the sacrifice. Monday morning papers are set up on Sundays.

Mr. Wanamaker liked to write. He kept up a large correspondence, sought the society of men of eminence, but more for contact than relationship, and made much of such casual acquaintances in his notes. There was something Boswellian about him, yet he was intensely individualistic. His store, however, absorbed so much of his life that he could never shake off its atmosphere or fail to turn all things to its advantage.

History

OLD FORT CRAWFORD AND THE FRONTIER. By Bruce E. Mahan. The State Historical Society of Iowa, Iowa City. $3.

The site of Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, at the junction of the Wisconsin and the Mississippi, was for years a neutral ground where the Indians of many tribes met to lay aside their weapons and barter goods with one another and the whites. Here, in 1813, in the effort to hold the country against the menace of the British and their savage allies, the Government built a stockade, Fort Shelby. But it was feebly defended, and the next summer it was surrendered. After the peace a more imposing structure was built. This was Fort Crawford, begun in the summer of 1816, and occupied almost continuously until 1832, when the new Fort Crawford, on higher ground to the east, was sufficiently near completion to house the garrison. It is the chronicle of these forts and of the stirring events of the early days in the surrounding region that this book tells. There is plenty of incident, for not many sections of the country have had so thrilling a history. Winnebago, Menominee, Sioux, Sauk, and Fox crowd the stage, with Black Hawk and the troublesome British agent, Robert Dickson, in stellar rôles and many other notables in the cast. No other Indian war ever brought together so many participants afterward to gain high distinction as that waged against the famous Sauk chieftain. The book is history and not story-telling; it is done with fullness and accuracy of detail, supported by copious annotations. But it is written with an engaging simplicity of style, and ought to find favor, not merely with the historical student, but with the general reader.

Essays and Criticism

AMY LOWELL: A CRITICAL STUDY. By Clement Wood. Harold Vinal, New York. $2.50.

In his critical study of Amy Lowell Clement Wood has let her work speak for itself, thus securing "from her poetry a portrait of the author." In this way she is judged by her own words. Her first volume of verse, "A Dome of Many-Coloured Glass," was received "tepidly," and it then became a question of "how she could wrest applause from an audience largely unaware of her existence." She espoused the cause of the Imagists, a group of London "experimentalists," and, bringing her family name, wealth, and dominant personality to bear, assumed the leadership of that cult. The story of this is interesting, but cannot be gone into here. We read that "it was she more than any one else who put the 'new poetry' on the map." We know that her habit throughout was to appraise herself, aware that the world is apt to take one at one's own valuation.

In his "Poets of America" Mr. Wood wrote of Amy Lowell: "She is the brilliant failure of modern poetry; a polyphonic Joshua leading a crew, with a strong bedlam contingent, seven times seven times round and round about the walls of Jericho, which disobligingly fails to fall at her trumpet blast." Her "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry" he characterized as "sublimated log-rolling," and when she failed to convince him of his error she was reduced to tears—tears, we must suppose, largely due to "baffled egotism," for dissent

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e fiercely resented. Illustrating her ılty rhythm—rarely uniform—the author otes these lines, the last one discordant:

would be the pink and silver as I ran
along the paths,
nd he would stumble after
ewildered by my laughter.
should see the sun flashing from his
sword-hilt and the buckles on his
shoes.

We can only marvel that she allowed ch defective rhythm to go uncorrected. as it lack of patience—or lack of art? did she fail to detect the "break in the ısic"?

Mr. Wood instances a group of poems ıich would be effective as prose, but ıich he doubts can be "in any way nked under the category of poetry." A mber of these he writes out as prose, e of which will suffice for all:

You want to know what"s the matter
ith me, do yer? My! ain't men blinder'n
ıoles? It ain't nothin' new, be sure o'
ıat. Why, ef you'd had eyes you'd ha'
een me changin' under your very nose,
ach day a little diff'rent. But you never
e nothin' you don't.

On these—and the alleged poems in last Wind" belong in this group—the au-or comments: "By the magic conjuration calling it 'polyphonic prose [she] ex-cts it to become immediately not prose t poetry." Polyphonic is a good word. ss Lowell herself preferred the word ıdence"—perhaps decadence would be tter still.

In Miss Lowell's six volumes of poetry e author finds two outstanding poems, atterns, a flawed masterpiece," and "Nuit anche," besides slighter verses and parts poems. There is much tolerable poetry, ut tolerable poetry is like a tolerably sh egg." And the conclusion? "We ve found Amy Lowell acclaimed for her eatness as poet and critic by many ices; and on examining her product we ve found her a celebrity in both fields, d neither a memorable poet nor a distin-ished critic."

E COLBY ESSAYS. By Frank Moore Colby. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers, New York. $7.50.

These essays are delightful. Every one ıo has had the wisdom to read "Imagi-ry Obligations," "Constrained Attitudes," he Margin of Hesitation" (Frank Colby's lumes published during his lifetime), ows they are sure to be; and any one ıo has not previously so read will dis-ver the fact by no more than opening e present two volumes, which contain lections from these collections, as well as e best of the previously unassembled ntributions to newspapers.

There are no two more delightful vol-ıes in contemporary American literature. lby's "job" was editing one encyclopæ-ı after another. Was his joyous practice the art of "Malicious Exposure" only e healthy reaction of a man whose pro-ssion was trying to dehumanize him?) matter. A clear-sighted human being, reless of the average mind, bored with e Philistine, Colby's scholarly thorough-ss and his sureness for definitive expres-ın enabled him to deflate gush, euphuism, ık, with a humor and sureness that omise to become standard, if not clas-al.

Some of the present essays *seem* better an their neighbors—but only till you look little more sharply at the latter! You ve only to take random glances any-ıere.

"The classics are not and never have en chiefly valuable as a means to suc-ss. They are obviously valued as a eans of escaping its consequences."

"There are men living who will use a French word when there is an exact English equivalent, and then add the equivalent in parenthesis—a vile form of ostentation and half-hearted at that, a sentence like a mustache with one end waxed and the other bushy, as if the wearer dared to be only half-way foppish."

"The main problem of journalism cannot be reduced to a question of moral valor. The typical writer is not a person struggling to subdue his convictions, but a person struggling to find them."

No one should buy "The Colby Essays" unless he has shelf-space close by his hand whence they can be taken down to read and re-read.

Humor

THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW—. Text and Pictures by Don Herold. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.25.

Among those laws whose absence is not felt is one forbidding an author to publish more than one book in a year. Mr. Herold seems to have struck his stride, and for him it is no effort to turn out half a hundred essays on the minor miseries of life, embellished with ingenious and touching illustrations (such as that of the little girl who got for Christmas a pair of rubber-tired, motorized stilts) and touched off with aphorisms of a sententiousness recalling Pudd'nhead Wilson. "All beaches should be closed in summer." "There is more sophistication and less sense in New York than anywhere on the globe." If Mr. Herold wishes to keep his reputation as a humorist, he should refrain from making so many sensible suggestions. Why shouldn't bonds bear the picture of a pretty girl and be scented with Quelques Fleurs to make them more salable? What could be more sensible than to buy a radio set and never connect it, a bag of golf clubs and never use them, thus satisfying the urge and avoiding the upkeep? There might, however, be a law against book covers so blatantly hideous that they are never wholly absent from consciousness even when one is enjoying the text.

THE DELICATESSEN HUSBAND. By Florence Guy Seabury. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.50.

The Lucy Stone League struck its blow at the patriarchal system, and there are rumors of the approaching annihilation of masculinity. "The Delicatessen Husband" sounds a gay tocsin to all the males who eat "from can to mouth" because their women are out in the busy marts of trade; to those who only stand and wait to open mail for wives of gubernatorial caliber; and to those who, like the lovers in "Lady and Gent," practice a fifty-fifty financial arrangement. Most, if not all, of these sprightly essays have appeared singly in various magazines; collected they form an amusing running comment on the "lengths to which modern cave women will go." The author professes to believe that America is rapidly becoming a matriarchate, and, with her tongue in her cheek, visualizes a possible "dim co-operative future in which food, clothing, and possibly infants will come in sealed packages," and rôles will be so reversed that if there is any stepping out to be done women will be the ones to do it, while man's place will be in the home. One of these essays in humor is devoted to exploiting a new and increasing popular variety of male referred to as the "dodder." The masculine prototype of the gold-digger, "a dodder is one of those twining vines that live on other plants." If "The Delicatessen Husband" is to be believed, the old order changeth; the cave man has sung his swan song, and we shall look upon his like no more. The illustrations by Clarence Day, Jr., have caught the book's spirit of raillery.

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By the Way

Do you know why cafeterias almost invariably place the desserts first in order on the "pick up" counters?

The proprietor of one of these cafeterias recently gave the very logical answer: "We show desserts first simply because we found by actual tests and experience that we sell twice as many that way. If a customer approaches dessert dishes at the far end of the counter after loading his tray, he may decide that he has enough food already and do without a dessert."

"I wonder what would happen if you and I ever agreed on anything," he said.

"I'd be wrong," said she.

An Iowan reader sends the following terrifying advertisement culled from a local paper:

"Kind Friends: I had 50 gal wine juice in cellar on Sunday night which was stolen away. I give notice to all town and other people in country in one of the jucks was poisen was put on side and was stolen too. Yours truly, W. Jestrabb."

A small boy was sitting rather close to a fussy woman in a crowded street car, and he kept sniffling in a most annoying way. The lady finally turned on him. "Boy, have you a handkerchief?"

With dignity the boy responded: "Yes, lady, I have, but I don't lend it to strangers."

The traveling Outlooker reports the following prices for game in season in New York City: English pheasant, $7 per portion; mallard duck, $6 per portion; partridge (for two), $3.50; baby deer steak, $2; quail, $1.75; Long Island duck, $5; venison steak, $2. These prices should make the countryside feel good. At least we hope they got some of the profits.

"What are your rates at this hotel?"

"Ten dollars a day on the first floor, eight dollars on the second floor, and five dollars on the third floor."

"Sorry, your hotel is not high enough to suit me."

Point Pelee Island, in Lake Erie, off the Sandusky shore, is in Canadian territory and close to the United States by water. It is also of considerable area, but until recently was a desolate spot. The shadow of coming events fell upon it when the Ontario Government announced its purpose to abolish prohibition, and, pending the election of December 1, many Ohioans discovered possibilities on Point Pelee and a vigorous real estate boom resulted. It is expected now that their hopes will have a fat fruition. A boom in lake passenger transportation is expected to follow the anticipated dampness.

From the Portland "Express:"

Button Gwinnett Rush, an Augusta capitalist, is justly proud of the fact that one of his ancestors signed the Declaration of Independence.

A few days ago Egbert Cohen, a wealthy young realtor, walked into Mr. Rush's office and found him signing checks.

"Aha," said Mr. Cohen, after a minute or two, "you're a great little signer, aren't you?"

"I ought to be," said Mr. Rush. "One of my ancestors, you know, signed the Declaration."

"Well," said Mr. Cohen complacently, "I guess you haven't got anything on me. One of my ancestors signed the Ten Commandments."

This almost unbelievable bit of history is recorded by Fred Kelly: "A man who operated one of the finest motion-picture theaters in a Western city tells me that he used to hire women at so much an hour to attend his shows—just as respectable-looking women are often hired to sit in a sight-seeing bus to attract a crowd. Movies were so poorly thought of at first that he aimed to make character for them by always having women among the spectators."

Our readers may be interested to know that Leo Bovette Tuey, who won the 1926 Wampas prize for the best "baby movie star" playing children's rôles, recently obtained a divorce from her husband and was awarded the custody of her two children.

The proprietors of the Dillon House, village inn of South Paris, Maine, have started an interesting custom of giving an annual dinner to all the couples in town who have been married more than fifty years.

A sign seen in a public park:

O you who come here as a sitter,
We beseech you to clear up your litter—
Torn paper and scraps,
Orange peel, choc'late wraps—
Lest the feeling against you be bitter.

A news item from Chicago states that a new course titled "Acrobatic and Straight Stage Dancing" will be added at the University of Chicago beginning next term. The despatch also states that it will be a recognized college course.

"Have you ever heard that joke about the Egyptian who showed some tourists two skulls of Cleopatra—one as a girl and one as a woman?" said the man to his wife.

"No, let's hear it," she replied.

According to the "Japan Advertiser," during the cruise of the American University Afloat on the Dutch steamship Ryndam, there was a time, while the steamer was steaming across the Pacific from Los Angeles to Hilo, that the Ryndam sailed under the black flag of piracy. Amazement shook the entire Dutch personnel one morning when they saw from the mast-head the Jolly Roger. It had been run up during the night, unknown to any one aboard the steamer.

It was run up from the hurricane deck, which is not greatly frequented at night, and therefore a vantage-point for carrying out the bold scheme.

From "Drexerd:"

English Prof.: "Correct this sentence: 'Before any damage could be done, the fire was put out by the volunteer fire department.'"

Frosh: "The fire was put out before any damage could be done by the volunteer fire department."

Five words of six letters each are needed to complete the following anagram. Each word contains the same letters.

I know a lake with —— still
And —— bays and shore,
Away from —— war and fret,
And the city's constant roar.
Come let us —— in its quiet pursuits
And —— with muffled oar.

Last week's anagrams are solved as follows: Aorta, knife, estuary, subpoena.

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Wanderlust

By DON C. SEITZ

SHARE do I the *Wanderlust*
With flying leaves and drifting dust,
Longing when the great ships sail
To face with them the wave and gale.
Restless like the drifting snow
In eagerness to up and go!

Free for All

Propaganda and Patriots

IN an article entitled "School-Books and Patriotic Propaganda," which appeared in The Outlook for December 15, Mr. W. J. Ghent refers to a book entitled "The Menace of Nationalism in Education" by Jonathan F. Scott, *"an Englishman"* (italics mine). "Mr. Scott," he says, "tries to be objective and impartial, and after a fashion succeeds. But the bias of nationalism lies deep in most of us, and absolute impartiality is perhaps unattainable. An American of even no more than ninety per cent proof may find him a shade too complacent in regard to both British conduct in Anglo-American quarrels and to the treatment of those quarrels by British writers of schoolbooks."

It so happens, however, that I am an American, of many generations of American ancestry. I was born in Newark, New Jersey, and brought up in New Brunswick, New Jersey.

I should be glad if you would print this letter to correct Mr. Ghent's statement and his interesting deductions. His mistake was a natural one, inasmuch as the "Foreword" to my book was dated from Littlehampton, in Sussex, England.

JONATHAN F. SCOTT.

Yonkers, New York.

P. S.—As one of Mrs. Hall's many friends, I congratulate Mr. Pearson on the well-deserved tribute he pays her in his article "Five Hours in Court." This is the best article I have seen on the Hall-Mills trial. Mr. Pearson evidently understands human nature well and knows a lady when he sees one. I wish he would write a book on the case, which would remove some of the silly, erroneous impressions that some of the newspapers have given the public and which still survive in some quarters, despite the collapse of the evidence.

Wanted—Cartoons

THE OUTLOOK wishes to receive cartoons from its readers, clipped from their favorite newspaper. Each cartoon should have the sender's name and address together with the name and date of the newspaper from which it is taken pinned or pasted to its back. Cartoons should be mailed flat, not rolled. We pay one dollar ($1) for each cartoon which we find available for reproduction. Some readers in the past have lost payment to which they were entitled because they failed to give the information which we require. It is impossible for us to acknowledge or return cartoons which prove unavailable for publication.

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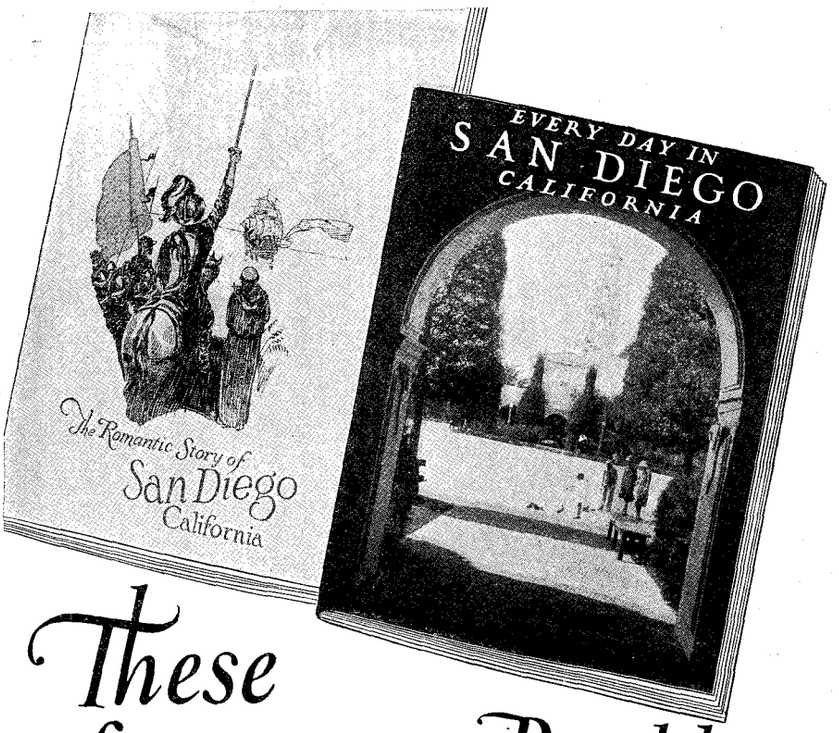
120 East 16th Street New York



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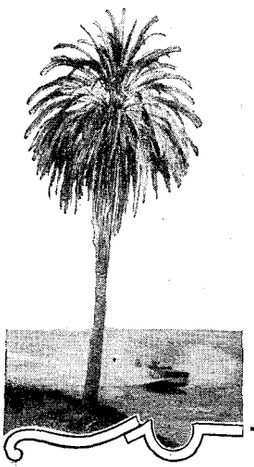

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